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MY CHOICE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY JENNIE TEMPLE.

Woe me not with sparkling diamonds—
Gifts of glowing gems
Seem to me so poor and worthless,
In love's diadem.

Nought to me are wealth and beauty,
For the heart I gave
Ask I neither talent, learning—
Something more I crave.

Give me rather truth and virtue,
Love refined and pure,
The true heart's earnest tokens
That for aye endure.

When thou knowest I have given
All—the whole to thee—
Of thy love, I pray thee, keep not
Back a part from me.

Woe me, then, because thou lovest
With an earnest soul:
I would thou bestow upon me
None, or else the whole.

CARLYON'S YEAR.

By the author of "Lost Sir Nassingberd," &c.

CHAPTER I.

ON THE SANDS.

"That will do, Stephen, thank you. You may let me out here. A charming scene, is it not, Richard?"

The speaker was a young lady of nineteen; looking, however, not older, but far wiser than her years. A thoughtful face by nature, and besides, one upon which some sorrow and much care for others had set their marks. The hazel eyes, large and tender, were confident, without being bold. The forehead, from which the heavy folds of bright brown hair were not drawn back, but overflowed it from under her summer hat at their own wild will, was broad and low. The form tall and slender, but sharply; the voice singularly clear and sweet, and where tones were so seemed to give assurance of the truth they utter. She was certainly speaking the truth when she said, "A charming scene."

The persons she addressed were seated with her in a cur, in the middle of one of three bays upon our northwestern coast, from which the sea retires, with every tide, for many miles, and leaves it a level waste of sand, save for two river channels, besides several smaller streams, fordable in places, but always running swiftly. Some islands were in this desert, dotted here and there at no great distance, yet further than they seemed, showed grandly with their walls of rock and crown of foliage. The shores of the bay itself, miles away at the nearest point, were of a beauty singularly varied, considering their extent. To the southward a range of round, green hills sloped down to a white fringe of sand, on which a tolerably large town could be distinctly viewed, with, behind it, a castle on a hill, which marked the site of a much larger town. Upon the spurs of these hills were almost everywhere to be seen a cluster of gray dwellings, and from the valleys thin blue smoke; the district, although somewhat unbecomingly, was as fair that many came to dwell there, especially in the summer; but yet it was not densely peopled. Eastward, these signs of habitation were more rare, and the hills began to rise in grandeur, till, in the northeast, their culminated to mountains, a knot of which towered in the extreme distance at the head of the bay. Small coves and inlets indented the northern shore, which was, moreover, thickly wooded; a wide village or two, from one of which the cart had just arrived, glimmered through the trees; and to the west a far stretching promontory, with one beetling cliff, concluded the bay scene—that is, as far as the land reached. Upon the south was the sea, separated from them by no bar or bound of any sort, and rising in the distance, as though for prey. It was this which formed the most striking feature in the picture, and indeed, to a stranger to the position—as was one of the three individuals we were concerned with—it was almost terrible.

"Well, Agnes," observed Richard Crawford to his cousin, to whom he looked junior by at least twelve months, but was really her senior by that much; "this is truly grand. I could never have imagined what a spectacle 'Over Sands' afforded, if I had not thus seen it with my own eyes. It is certainly the very place for a sketch. Now, jump, and I will catch you."

The young man had leapt lightly from the back of the cart upon the brown, firm sand, and now held out both his arms, that his cousin might alight in safety.

"Thank you, Richard, I am used to help my self out of this sort of difficulty," replied she, smiling; "am I not, Stephen?"

"Yes, mine," returned the driver, respectfully, but in broad north-country accents; "this is not the first time you have been in my cart, nor yet the second. She's as active as any deer

in his lordship's park out yonder, that I'll answer for, Mr. Richard. Lor ble-s you! you don't know Miss Agnes; but then, how should you, you that has been in foreign parts so long!"

Richard Crawford had, it was true enough, been for many years in a foreign climate, and one which had turned his handsome features to the hue of those of a bronze statue; but he grew a more dusky red than even the eastern suns had made him, when his cousin, touching one of his extended arms with her finger-tips only, lightly leapt upon the sand. She took no notice of his evident annoyance, but exclaimed, gayly, "Now, Stephen, the chair and the camp-stool; then go your ways, and good luck to your crum. I dare say Mr. Richard here does not know what a 'crum' is; so great is the ignorance that prevails in the tropics. See here, cousin." She drew out from the cart a sort of three-pronged, bent fork, used by cockle-gatherers for getting the little bivalve out of the sand, beneath the surface of which it lies about an inch. "There! that is the true Neptune's trident. No barren sceptre, but one upon which magic movement, thus—she deftly thrust it into the sand, where two small evil holes announced the presence of the fish, and whirled one out—meat, and drink, and clothing are evoked for many a poor soul in these parts. Why, you need not go far afield, Stephen, since there seem to be cockles here."

"Nay, mine, there's nabut but one or two here about," returned the man. "The shuck lies far away yonder. You'll not be afraid to bide here till I come back and fetch you?"

"Certainly not, Stephen. How many hours shall we have to spare, think you?"

"Well, with this light south wind stirring, perhaps not four, mine. But I shall pick you up long before that—just as usual, you know. A deal of company you will have upon Sands this afternoon, I reckon," added the man, as he drove off to the cockle-ground; "you have brought Mr. Richard out on quite a day's day."

The scene upon the waste deserted bay was indeed growing quite animated; for, in addition to many carts, such as that in which they had come, the owners whereof were all setting to work with their crams, two long strings of horsemen and wheeled conveyances were beginning to cross from either side of the bay, making almost to the place where the two were standing, sketch-books in hand; each band, both from the east and west, were conducted by a guide over the first cut or river, after which their courses lay plain enough across certain broad, but shallow streams, to the second, near the opposite shore, where the other guide was posted.

"I have seen nothing like this since I crossed the desert," ejaculated the young man, with admiration. "I can almost fancy that those horses are camels, and the trees on yonder island palms, only there are no thieves of Bedouine."

"But in Egypt there is no sea, Richard, like that which seems to hunger yonder for men's lives. Is it not strange to think that all this space now used as a safe road by men and beast will, in an hour or two hence, be landless sea, that not one of those black rocks that stand out so prominently yonder will lift its head above the waves. Fools talk of there being 'no sea to speak of' in these parts, but if they mean that the ocean has no elements of grandeur and terror they are much mistaken. Its vast extent and advance on many miles are something wonderful; and when I see the crowds of people crossing this during its short absence, I always think of the Israelites passing through the Red Sea upon dry land. Nay," added she, as if to herself, and with reverence, "it is only God's arm that keeps the waves from swallowing us up to-day."

"Yes, of course," returned Richard, dryly; "yet the idea of the first law, I suppose, can be calculated upon to within a few minutes; otherwise I should say these good folks, including ourselves, are somewhat foolhardy."

"I have known the tide come in here more than two hours earlier than usual," observed the young girl, gravely. "There was a ship wrecked in yonder bay in consequence; the men having gone ashore and left her, high and dry, and feeling confident of returning in time. A strong south wind will always bring the sea up quickly."

"There's a south wind today, Agnes," laughed her cousin. "I think you must be making experiments upon my courage."

"Nay," returned she, "the breeze is very light. Besides, the guides and the cockles are very kind very well what they are about. It is very seldom any one is lost, and when they are, it is through their own folly, poor folks."

"They get drunk a good deal in these parts, don't they?" said the young man, excitedly, as he sat down on the camp stool and began to sharpen a pencil, "and being half-was over before they start why it's no wonder if the tide—"

"Hush, Richard, do not just with death," said the girl, reprovingly. "Men and women have sins to answer for here as in other places; but I have never found them an honest and kindly race."

"Well, I only hope in addition to kindness and honesty your friend Stephen reckons sobriety. The local name for the large beds in which the cockles are found."

ers among his virtues. What! He is a little fond of dipping, is he? Now! how the young man indulged in a long low whistle, and his black eyes beamed with his laughter.

"Stephen is weak," replied Agnes Crawford, gravely; "though not so bad, even in his weakness, as some say."

"There, I see it all," cried the young man, clapping his hands so sharply that the half-donkey cubs that strutted on the sands a little way off rose heavily, and wheeled in the blue air, ere alighting at a greater distance; "I see it all quite plainly. My Cousin Agnes, who is so good herself that she can believe evil of no body, employs this Stephen because no one else will employ him; she trusts him because everybody says that he is not trustworthy."

"I believe he would risk his life to save mine," rejoined Agnes, simply.

"Of course he would, my dear cousin; for without you he is probably well aware that he could not gain a living. Don't be angry now! I am only delighted to find you are so unchanged; the same credulous, tender-hearted creature that I left when I was almost a boy, who never allowed herself the luxury of going into a tantrum, unless one of her dum's favorites was ill-treated. Now let me tell you a secret—that is, something which is a secret to you, although it is known to everybody else who knows you. My dear Agnes, you are an angel."

"Don't you rumple my hair, then," replied the young girl, coolly, as Mr. Richard Crawford concluded his eulogistic remarks by patting her on the shoulder. "That yonder is a dove of peace about to cross the sea. Are they not pointers? Now, if you were an animal pointer instead of being, like myself, only able to draw immovable objects to shoot at sitting birds, as it were—we might by our joint efforts make a very pretty picture of this scene."

"You make a very charming picture alone, I do assure you," said her cousin, admiringly.

The remark evoked no reply, nor even a touch of color on the young girl's cheek. Her brow just clouded for a moment, that was all.

"We have secured an excellent position for our sketches," said she, after a pause, and each took their seat.

"Do people ever cross the sands on foot?" inquired Richard, presently, in a constrained voice. He had parted with his somewhat free and easy manner, and manifestly felt that he had been going too fast or far with his examples.

"Very rarely," returned she. "There are always some places tolerably deep, as yonder, where, so you see, the water is above the surface of the sands. The pointer sort of cockles, however, sometimes come out without a shell. Once no less than eight people were lost in that way, and on a perfectly windless day. It happened before we came to live here, but I heard the story from the guide's own lips. A sudden fog came on, and they were all drowned; and yet it was so calm that when the bodies were found at the next tide the men's hats were still upon their heads. A little girl, he said, with her hands folded across her bosom, lay dead beside her dead father, just as though she slept."

"Even if they had had carts, then, the poor folks could not have been saved," observed Richard.

"Yes, it was thought they might," returned the young girl, coolly. "The guide has a trumpet which carries his words, or at all events the sound of them, to a great distance. It was supposed they were making for the right direction when the waters overtook them, but being encumbered with women and children, and on foot, the party could not hurry on."

"What a repetition of dreadful stories your friend the guide must have, Agnes?"

"Yes, indeed," answered she, gravely. "There's one churchyard I know of in our neighborhood in which have been buried no less than one hundred persons, victims to these treacherous sands."

"And the quicksands themselves are the graves of many, I suppose?"

"No, never; or, at least, almost never. They are quick sands in the sense of instability; but they do not suck objects of any considerable size out of sight, or at all events they take some time to do so. The bodies of drowned persons are almost always found."

"Upon my word, Agnes, you make my blood creep. Talking to this guide of yours must be like a lunatic interview with an undertaker."

"Nay, Richard," rejoined the girl, solemnly, "such stories are not all said. Death has been sometimes met, as it were, with open arms by those who knew it was eternal life. And, besides, there are narratives of half-breath escapes from peril sometimes, too, which instance the noblest courage and self-sacrifice. I will, however, that there was no such road as Over Sands."

"Nay, then we should never have been here had we not been guided," returned the young man, gravely. "See! I have put in the three islands already."

"So I perceive, Richard; and the largest of them in the wrong place. Where are you to sketch in yonder village?"

"Oh! bother the village. The picture is supposed to be executed when the country was not so overbuilt. What are those little trees sticking up above the river? Everything here seems so anomalous that I ought not to be surprised; but nothing grows there surely."

"They are only branches of furze called 'broggs,' which are set up by the guides to mark the furze. It is their business to try the bed of the stream every tide—for what was fordable yesterday may be quicksands to-day,—before folks begin to cross. There goes the coach."

"Yes, and how the passengers do stare," returned Richard; "nor, indeed, is it to be wondered at, if it is their first experience of this road. I think some of them will be glad when they find themselves on terra firma. Perhaps you might have seen me arrive rather pale in the face, Agnes, if I had come home this way, instead of my sea, to Whitehaven."

"No, Richard; to do you justice, I think you are afraid of nothing."

"I am afraid of one thing, and that is of you, cousin, or, rather, of your displeasure," said the young man, sinking his voice, and speaking very tenderly.

"If you are, you would not talk such nonsense," rejoined his cousin, quietly.

"Dear Agnes, don't be cruel, don't; nor affect to take for just what I mean with all my heart and soul. Just think of miles away on the wild waves the very likeness of your face has comforted me, which you gave me when we parted, boy and girl, so many years ago. Think, then, what happiness it is to me to gaze upon that face itself, a child's indeed no longer, but with all the innocence and purity of the child beaming from it still. You need to tell me that you loved me then, Agnes."

"And so I tell you now, Richard," returned the girl, changing color for the first time, as she bent over her drawing, and forced her trembling fingers to do their work. "I love you now, very much indeed, dear cousin."

"Cousin," repeated the young man, slowly, "yes; but I don't mean that, as you well know, Agnes. I only wish you could have seen me in my little dingy cabin, reading your letters by one wretched candle stuck in a ginger beer bottle—don't laugh, Agnes; I am sure you would not have laughed if you really could have seen it. I quarrelled with the only one of my companions whom I liked, and knocked him back down the companion ladder because he put his stupid foot upon the deck you gave me. You are laughing again, Agnes. True, I was only a poor lad in the Merchant Service, and poverty is always ridiculous; but I would have shown my love for you in other ways had it been possible. Heaven knows I thought of little else than you!"

"Look here, cousin Richard," said Agnes, rising quickly from her seat and speaking with some severity. "I will not hear this talk; you are well aware that my father thinks of it."

"I cannot help my uncle's not liking me," said the young man somewhat sullenly.

"Nor can I tell you, now, Richard, I should make him esteem you as I do myself. But you are under his roof now, he is your host as well as your uncle—and my father. That is reason good—indeed of other very valid ones upon which I do not wish to enter—why you should not address such words to me. I think you should have seen they were distasteful, Richard, without obliging me to tell you so."

The young man did not utter a reply; he only bowed, not withily, however, and held his hand up once and let it fall again with a certain pathetic dignity that seemed to touch his cousin's heart, and indeed did so. Her large eyes were wet with tears.

"Forgive me, Richard, I am sorry to have pained you," said she, in soft low tones, in a pleadingly tender; "very sorry."

"I am sure you are, cousin. That was all he said; his handsome, clear-cut features appeared to have grown thinner within the last few minutes, as she watched his side face bent down over his sketch-book. They were both silent for a long time, during which they plied their pencils. Doughty men know how quickly the hours pass in this way without notice. Presently Richard lifted his eyes from his work, and looked around him. "Agnes," said he, "where does not Stephen fetch us?"

She looked up at once, then started to her feet with agitation.

"My God!" cried she, "the carts have all gone home!"

"Don't be frightened, dearest," said the young man, confidently. "There are two carts still, and Stephen's is one of them. My eyes are good, and I can recognize it plainly, although it is a great way off. He is running the thing very near; that is all."

"Alas! he has forgotten us altogether, Richard. Both those carts are making for the other side; he could not now cross over to us even if he would. Do you not see how the sea has stretched its arm between us and him?"

Richard Crawford uttered a tremendous inspiration.

"Do not curse him, Richard. They have given him drink, and he knows not what he is doing; or perhaps he concludes that we have gone home by other means, as indeed we might have done. Poor fellow, he will be sorry to-morrow. Curse me, rather, my poor cousin; for it is I who have murdered you in having brought you hither."

"No, no," ejaculated the young man, vehemently. "Do not think of that. I swear I would rather die with you like this, than live without you. But is there no hope? Hark! what is that?"

"It is the guide's trumpet; they see our

danger from the land, although they cannot help us."

"Let us hasten, then, in God's name!" exclaimed the young man, bitterly; "and if He has ordained it so, let us die as near home as we can."

CHAPTER II.

BY THE WATERS OF DEATH.

There was no necessity for the words "let us hasten." Both had left chairs and sketch books, and were running as swiftly as they could towards the western shore; but the sand, lately so hard and firm, was now growing soft and unstable—the flowing tide already making itself felt beneath it; their progress, therefore, was not rapid.

"The thought that I have brought you hither, Richard, is more bitter to me than will be these waters of death," said Agnes, earnestly. "You can run where I can scarcely walk; leave me, then, I pray you, and save yourself. Remember, you cannot save me by delaying, but will only perish also. Why should the sea have two victims instead of one?"

"If the next step would take me to dry land," answered the young man, vehemently, "and you were deep in a quicksand, lifting your hand in last farewell—like the poor soul you told me of yesterday—I would gladly think that you beckoned to me, and would turn back and join you in your living grave."

He reached her hand out with a loving smile, and he took it in his own, and hand in hand they hastened over the perilous way. Richard, because he knew his cousin and how little likely she was to be alarmed, for loss to despair, unless upon sufficient grounds, was aware of their extreme danger; otherwise, a stranger to the place, would at present have seen no immediate cause for fear. The sea was yet a great way off, save for a few inlets and patches which began to make themselves apparent as if by magic; moreover, the shore to which they were hastening had become so near that they could plainly perceive the knot of people gathered round the guide, and hear the words, "Quick, quick," which he never ceased to utter through his trumpet, with the utmost distinctness. It seemed impossible that two persons should be doomed to perish within sight and hearing of so many fellow creatures, all eager for their safety. And yet both were doomed. Between them and the land lay the larger of the two rivers that carried themselves into the bay at high water, and ran into the open sea at low. The current was setting in this time very swift, and the swirling turbid waters were broadening and deepening every minute. The banks of this stream, instead of being firm sand, were now a mass of white and slippery mud, a considerable extent of which lay between the sea and the shore; so that it was impossible to carry at even push down a boat upon its treacherous surface to the river's edge. The bank upon which the two unfortunate were standing was not at yet so much dissolved as the other, but they could feel it growing more and more unstable beneath their feet, as they now stood on the brink of the sea, not fifty yards from their would-be rescuers. The scene was only too terrible to those than to the doomed pair themselves. Women could be seen among the crowd wringing their hands in agony, and strong men turning their heads away for the pity of so heart-rending a spectacle. Once, either moved by the entreaties of others, or unable to restrain his own feverish desire to be doing something, a horseman spurred his steed upon the beach, as though he would have crossed the river to their aid; but the poor animal, well accustomed to the sands, and consciousness of danger, at first refused to move, and when compelled, at once began to sink, so that it was with difficulty that either man or horse reached land again.

"Swim, swim!" cried the guide, through his trumpet.

"Yes, swim," echoed Agnes. "How selfish it was of me to forget that. It is very difficult, but to a good swimmer like yourself it is not utterly hopeless. Let the tide carry you up yonder, as far as the island, Richard, then strike out for that spot of land; there is firm footing there. Take your coat off, and your shoes, quick, quick!"

The young man looked mechanically in the direction indicated, then smiled sadly, and shook his head.

"We are not going to be parted, Agnes; we are to be together for ever and ever. You believe that I love you now?" added he, with grave earnestness.

She did not hear him. Her eyes were fixed on a high, beetling hill, close by the promontory I have mentioned, with the roof of a house showing above the trees. That was her home.

"Poor papa, poor papa!" murmured she, "what will he do now, all alone?" The tears stood in her eyes for the first time since she had been made aware of their danger. Both had now to step back a little, for the bank was crumbling in; the increasing stream poured it away in great masses, which fell into the current, making it yet more turbid than before. There was still a considerable tract of sand firm to the eye, although in reality quite unstable, lying between them and the sea; but the latter had now altered its plan of attack. It no longer made us inroads here and there, running swiftly up into creeks and coves of sand, and holding pos-

could have anticipated what must now be regarded as the deliberately adopted theory of the most accomplished ethnologist in Europe, and one who has gained the confidence of the scientific world everywhere by his faithful pursuit of truth, his profound humility in adhering to it when found, and his severe critical scholarship, which is able to separate from any and every work the grains of simple fact it may contain.—*London Chronicle*, 22nd July 1886.

THE HEROINE OF DAUPHINE.

Philis de la Tour du Pin, surnamed "L'Heroinne de Dauphine," and in her family called Maillie de la Chazze, was born in 1689, at Lyons, where a magnificent house is still shown as that which the Signeurs de la Chazze inhabited. Her branch of this ancient race were Protestants, descending from the great Marquis de la Chazze, of whom Henri IV. made a brother-in-law, and who returned to the Roman Catholic faith, and have since remained easy adherents of the Church of Rome. To this conversion is traditionally ascribed the whole romance of Maillie de la Tour du Pin's adventures. The orphan heir to one of the most glorious names in France, Raymond, Comte de Branger, had been brought up by the Marquis de la Chazze with his own children, and had looked upon Philis as his destined bride. The devotion of the Protestant faith by the family of his betrothed forced young Raymond to choose between honor and love. He chose honor. The lovers were separated when Philis was not eighteen, but their attachment proved beyond the power of circumstances. When the severity of the measures taken against the Protestants, and the fatal revocation of the Edict of Nantes (1685) had driven the Huguenots to despair, the Comte de Branger was one of those who placed themselves at the head of the insurgents. In the south of France the Protestants were numerous and determined, and not only did the Alps of Dauphine seem to them so many fastnesses offered by nature, but the near neighborhood of the Duke of Savoy tempted them to a foreign alliance against their own sovereign. They concluded this alliance, and the Piedmontese troops were soon marching upon the frontier, and preparing to wrest one of her fairest provinces from France.

The Marquis de la Chazze died at this moment, recommending his wife and family to his second daughter, Philis, instead of, as usual, the children to their mother. His youthful son, the Vicomte de la Chazze, was attached to the staff of the Marquis de Catinat, who was at Grenoble at the head of a small corps d'armee charged to defend the province. Like all those who approached Philis, her father judged her capable of any heroic effort. Her education had been rather a masculine one, though one by no means extraordinary among the ladies of her class in the seventeenth century in France.

She was a perfect horsewoman, an intrepid huntress, "a cunning of fence," and the best shot for twenty leagues round. Besides this, she knew every mountain pass in the country. This was the cause of her superiority as a military commander; for the Protestants resolved to try a guerrilla campaign, and her strategy proved too much for the invading force. Having assembled all the gentry of the province, and having under her orders about two thousand men, she rushed forward to Gap, where the Duke of Savoy had already crossed the frontier. Gap was taken and in flames, but the enemy had evacuated it. Maillie de la Tour du Pin immediately cut her little army in two, established one half in Gap, and with the other boldly set out to pursue the Piedmontese. They were overtaken by her, and in this conjuncture her tactics were those of a consummate general. She masked her forces till she saw the Savoyards engaged in a formidable battle, then, with the cry of "En avant, mes amis, et vive le roi!" she bore down upon them, and so effectually defeated them that they retreated into Savoy as best they might. They were cut to pieces, and Dauphine was delivered. Count Caparra strove to avenge this defeat, and attacked Philis, but Catinat had sent her reinforcements, and she bested Caparra's master. When the Duke of Savoy returned to his own country he could only speak of his successful enemy with rapturous praise.

"If," he was wont to say, "there were one such woman in my dominions, I would marry her; and had I ten wives, she should be my eleventh, were his holiness to excommunicate me! What a mother of heroes she would make!"

When the invasion was defeated, Maillie de la Chazze retired to Montmar, an estate of her family, and laid down her arms. But the Protestants now rose on all sides, and a rebellion in the interior of the country was imminent. The population, headed by the nobles, called upon Philis to command them, declaring that under her orders they were certain of victory, but this she steadfastly refused. Raymond de Branger was one of the Huguenot chiefs, and against him she could not fight. She had taken up arms to save her country and her lover; hoping, by repelling the foreigner, to prevent M. de Branger from recrossing the frontier and giving himself up to the vengeance of Louis XIV. But in vain; the rebels were besieged in Lyons, and the leaders tried, condemned and executed.

There is a popular tradition which says that Philis saw her lover the day before his execution, and gave him her word that she would be his. He is said to have implored this of her as a last proof of affection. The scaffold was erected on the great place at Lyons, opposite the Hotel de la Tour du Pin, and the legend is that on the fatal morning the *condemned* stood at the window and let Raymond's dying gaze fix itself upon her till his head fell under the axe.

Philis died in 1749; a woman of gentle, retiring demeanor, universally beloved, and to her death cryed a pension the king had granted her, "comme a un brave guerrier." Her portrait and arms were hung up at St. Denis, by the side of those of Jeanne d'Arc, but she never could be induced to talk of her exploits. When her sister Marguerite, styled Maillie d'Auvergne (who wrote her biography), tried to question her, she only replied, "I acted on the impulse of my heart, and I know little more than you do of the events you wish me to recount. We drove the enemy out of the country; God's grace enabled us to beat him everywhere; that is all I can say." Poor Philis! she knew too well that what to others seemed heroic had been inspired by a passionate but most natural love.

Her townspeople raised a monument to her at Lyons, where she lies buried, and she is known in French history as the "heroine of Dauphine."

A little model of an aerial machine has been exhibited in France, which, by purely mechanical force, it is said, carries a mouse through the air. A sanguine and patriotic critic declares that France has thus solved the difficulty of aerial navigation, and that a machine proportionately large will raise an elephant much more easily than the model bears its tiny traveler.

It is believed that Lopez, who betrayed Maximilian, was assassinated and robbed of his \$45,000 blood money.

Nine Wedding-Ring Rensons.

Reasons for the use of the Wedding Ring in the marriage ceremony:

1. As by turning a ring forever no end can be found, so the friendship cemented by marriage should be endless and perpetual; not even broken off finally by the interruption of death, but the marriage party separating merely during the night of the grave in sure and certain hope of meeting again on the following of a glorious resurrection, when all that was pure and lovely in the union, shall be more as still, with the high additional perfection of continuing uninterrupted throughout the endless round of a blessed immortality.

2. As the marriage ring should be made of pure gold, which is the most pure or simple of all metals, so the marriage union, cemented by that impressive pledge given and received, should be pure in its origin, pure in its continuance, and so pure in all its motives as to contrast with the contracting parties from all intimacies founded upon gross or carnal principles, and as pure as possible resembling the love of Christ for his spouse the Church, who so loved the Church that he gave himself for it.

3. As gold, of which the marriage ring should be made, is esteemed the most valuable of all metals, so the love and friendship implied in the marriage ring should ever be considered as infinitely more valuable than any other system of which human nature is capable.

4. As gold is the most compact or least porous of metals, so the marriage love and friendship should be so closely connected by the bleeding into each other of all the kind and good affections of the parties, as to leave no possible aperture or opening for the introduction of any strange or forbidden affection. Each party should always be prepared to say of the other,

"Thy loveliness my heart hath pre-possessed, And left no room for any other guest."

5. As gold, by the action of the most intense heat, even in a crucible, cannot lose any particular of its original weight and worth, but comes out of the crucible as heavy and as valuable as when it was put in, losing nothing in consequence of the fiery ordeal, except whatever portion of dross or alloy may have been incorporated with the pure metal; so the most severe afflictions, and fiery persecutions, which may be the portion of the marriage parties, during some of the changes and chances of this mortal life, should never be able to deteriorate or take from the marriage union any part of its intrinsic worth or beauty, but the parties should rise from the furnace of affliction and the diabolical of the grave without having lost anything except the grosser particles of earth and sin, which may have unhappily attached themselves to the mystic union which was intended to secure their felicity.

6. The marriage ring should be perfectly plain; that is, no chased, raised, or artificial work should appear on its surface—implying, that the marriage union should not be the result of any artifice, on account of wealth, equipage, honor, or the undue influence of friends, but the plain result of an honorable and religious affection between the contracting parties and that God who first instituted the holy estate of matrimony.

7. As gold is an incorruptible metal—that is, if thrown into the mire, or imbedded in the most impure soil, it will never become corrupt, corroded, or imbued one speck of rust or impurity, so should the marriage love and friendship, however it may be sometimes obliged to descend from the elevation of affluence into the deepest valley of penury or distress, be deemed "To waste its ownness on the desert air," be incarcerated within the gloomy confines of the prison cell, or associate with the poor, the mean, or the illiterate; still, like its incorruptible emblem, should continue as bright and beautiful as ever.

8. As gold is the most ductile of all metals, so that an ounce can be beaten out to cover an acre of land, or gild a finely attested thread of embroidery, so should the results of the marriage union fulfill the original command, to increase, multiply, and cover the earth with "The precious seed of Zoro, comparable to fine gold."

9. As the marriage ring exhibits nothing to imply preeminence of the one party over the other, notwithstanding that the word *she* is applied to the woman rather than the man, yet the man should ever recollect, that as, in foreign courts, especially Courts of Equity, the plaintiff must appear with what is called "clean hands," in other words, have fully done his part and duty, so before the husband can have any right to command, or the wife be under obligation to obey, he must remember the test of his love and fidelity, which is given in Holy Scriptures, viz: "Husbands love your wives, as Christ loved the Church; but how did Christ prove his love for the Church? by dying for it. When a love, of which this is the model, predominates in the husband's heart, he can require no obedience from his wife but what she will ever feel it to be her honor, privilege, and delight to render."

The American Artisan estimates that the accumulated expansion of the rails in a line of railroad 500 miles long, would amount at the highest summer temperature to nearly one fourth of a mile as compared with the length of the same rails during the coldest weather of winter.

A curious trial of strength occurred at Buffalo on Thursday last. There was a dispute as to the relative strength of two tugs, and it was decided by attaching a strong hawser from the stern of one to the other, and then at a given signal each endeavored to pull the other backwards. The winning tug, and of course strongest tug dragged the other off captive.

An old gentleman recently attempted to remove a large bag from the bonnet of a lady, who sat in front of him at the theatre. The result was, he was ejected from his back seat. Deeply chagrined, he hastily apologized, but soon learned that the bag was artificial, and was used to hold the head and hair together. A scene was the consequence.

A venable husband in Clyde, N. Y., has discovered and adjusted a scandal in his household after an approved fashion. He surprised his wife and a man of profligate character in relations to each other that proved the woman no longer worthy of his protection. He drew a revolver and presented it at the guilty pair, but instead of shooting either, he exhorted from both an admission that they were willing to live with each other. Then he made the man swear to support, treat well, and never desert the woman, and turned them both out of doors, with a charge never to cross his path in life again.

F. O. C. Darley, the artist, has returned from a two years' sojourn in Europe.

WHICH SHALL IT BE.

"Which shall it be? which shall it be?" I looked at John—John looked at me. (Dear, patient John, who loves me yet As well as though my locks were jet.) And when I found that I must speak, My voice seemed strangely low and weak. "Tell me again what Robert said," And then I listening bent my head. "This is the letter."

"I will give A house and land while you shall live, If, in return for, out of seven One child to me for aye is given."

I looked at John's own garments worn, I thought of all that John had borne Of poverty, and work, and care, Which I, though willing, could not share; I thought of seven mouths to feed, Of seven little children's need, And then of this.

"Come, John," said I, "We'll choose among them as they lie Asleep," so, walking hand in hand, Dear John and I surveyed our band.

First to the cradle lightly stepped, Where Lillian, the baby slept, Her damp curls lay like gold slight, A glory 'gainst the pillow white, Softly her father stooped to lay His rough hand down in loving way; When dream or whisper made her stir, And hushly John, "Not her—not her."

We stooped beside the trundle-bed, And one long ray of lamplight shed Athwart the boyish faces there, In sleep so beautiful and fair; I saw on James's rough red cheek A tear undried. Ere John could speak, "He's but a baby, too," said I, And kissed him as we hurried by.

Pale, patient Robert's angel face Still in his sleep bore suffering's trace, "No, for a thousand crowns, not him," We whispered, while our eyes were dim.

Poor Dick! bad Dick! our wayward son, Turbulent, reckless, idle one— Could he be spared? Nay, he who gave, Bids us befriend him to the grave; Only a mother's heart can be Patient enough for such a he. "No, no," said John, "I would not dare To send him from her bedside prayer."

Then stole we softly up above, And knelt by Mary, child of love, "Perhaps for her 'twould better be," I said to John. Quite silently He lifted up a curt that lay Across her cheek in willful way, And shook his head. "Nay, love, not thee," The while my heart beat audibly.

Only one more, our eldest lad, Trusty and truthful, good and glad— So like his father. "No, John, no; I cannot, not, let him go."

And so we wrote, in courteous way, We could not give one child away; And afterward, that lighter seemed, Thinking of that of which we had dreamed, Happy, in truth, that not one face We missed from its accustomed place; Thankful to work for all the seven, Trusting the rest to Ours in Heaven.

The Heart of an Artist.

The celebrated singer, Henriette Sontag, began her career in Vienna. Every one that knows something about the boards that represent the theatrical world will readily believe that the young, variable and highly-endowed artist had to struggle against envy; but her first debut was a splendid one, in spite of the envy of her colleagues. However, she was blessed at as passionately by the snakes of the side as she was received with applause by the lions of the pattern. Miss Amalie Reisinger was one of the most enraging of these snakes—a lady whose passion was reduced long ago by the storm of passion to a low hoarse note. Nevertheless, Miss Amalie had her knights, who still always were her colors, and fought for her beauty, and by aid of this knightly she succeeded in putting her rival to flight.

Miss Sontag sang (some years later) at one of the first theatres of Berlin, together with the celebrated tenor, Fager, and triumphed over Signora Catalina. The tongue of the enthusiast and the pen of the journalist talked only about her, and there was no garden in and around Berlin that hadn't been plundered in order to give her flowers. Her carriage was always surrounded by people of the first families; and some nights they took the horses off and drew the carriage themselves. That's what I call enthusiasm! So, as before said, what was the Catalina of her time, with the exception that she was young and beautiful, while the former was remarkable for her ugliness.

On a very fine morning when Henriette Sontag was riding in one of the most fashionable streets of Berlin, surrounded by numerous riders, she heard the Vienna national song sung by a child's tender voice. The great singer made the carriage stop, and called the little singer.

"What is your name, my pretty little Vienna girl?" was her question, leaning on the door of the carriage.

"Nannerl!" was the answer, given in the Austrian dialect by the little one. "Who is that woman you lead there?" "O, that's my poor, blind mother, madam." "And the name of your poor, blind mother?" "Amalie Reisinger."

"Amalie Reisinger?" asked Henriette Sontag, with the greatest surprise. "Yes, Amalie Reisinger. My mother was a celebrated singer before she lost her voice and her eyes, because she had cried so much. After this all our friends left us. We had to sell every thing we had, and have to beg now for our daily bread."

Henriette Sontag could not speak; the tears that poured in her large bright eyes choked her voice. The riders had also stopped, and took the greatest interest in this striking scene.

"Gentlemen," said the celebrated singer, finally, "permit me to make, here in the street, a collection for a colleague who lost her eyes. Here is my purse," she continued, "and please let it be the only one gliding in the hands of this poor child." The little girl had her hands in a moment full of gold and silver, and thought that God had sent an angel to relieve her poor, unfortunate mother.

"Where does your mother live, my child?"

asked Henriette, enjoying the surprise of the little one.

"Behind the Konigsmann, No. 19." "Nannerl, give your mother the love of her old colleague and friend, Henriette Sontag, and tell her to wait me this afternoon. I will come to see you and talk with you."

"Henriette Sontag!" said the little girl, highly astonished, and ran fast to her mother to tell her who the young, beautiful lady was. Alas! the good child didn't understand her mother's tears. The celebrated singer kept her word. She visited her in the course of the day in company with an old friendly gentleman, and embraced her in affectionate and hearty sympathy, and was particularly careful not to talk about Vienna, so as not to remind Amalie how badly she had treated her. The friend of the singer was a renowned oculist, who examined the eyes of the blind woman, but shook his head sorrowfully, for he had no hope of curing her. Henriette sang the popular "Iphigenie," for the benefit of an oppressed artist, and we need not say that poor Amalie was this artist. Henriette taking care of her to the end of her life and gave the little girl (who is now a celebrated actress and remembers always with love and gratitude the noble heart of the singer) a very good education.

The Charleston (S. C.) Mercury tells the following story: The Summerville train yesterday morning ran into a negro at about four miles from this city. The train was making about 15 miles an hour, and the negro, when struck by the cow-catcher, was thrown about 15 feet in the air, falling on the engine, between the back of the cow-catcher and the boiler. By the time that the train could be stopped, he was in a lively condition and was complaining that the boiler burned him. The poor fellow was cut upon the foot and head; but he was able to walk, and his injuries are not in any way dangerous.

The late George B. De Forest, of New York, leaves \$800,000, of which each of his four children gets \$200,000, and his wife \$600,000. The original manuscript of Sir Walter Scott's poems, and some of his prose compositions, were sold at auction, in London, on the 6th.

There is an instinct in the heart of man which makes him fear a cloudless happiness. It seems to him that he owes to misfortune a tithe of his life, and that which he does not pay bears interest, is amassed, and largely swells a debt which sooner or later he must acquit.

The Constitutional Union, of Washington City, reports that a Runic inscription has been discovered near the Great Falls in the Potomac; that it records the death of an Icelandic woman named Sænu, who died in 1051; that the discovery proves the visit of the Northmen to our shores five centuries before the time of Columbus, and that they made explorations inland. It is also stated that fragments of teeth, bronze trinkets, coins and other curious things have been exhumed from the grave.

The sentence of the would-be assassin of the Emperor of Russia, at Paris, to imprisonment at hard labor for life, is a wonderful proof of the progress of humane legislation. A hundred years ago he would have been broken on the wheel, or quartered.

The Adventist millennium is postponed until next year in Connecticut.

The Marion (Ohio) Mirror of the 21 inst. says that Mrs. Richardson, near that town, had missed her little boy, and went out into the garden to hunt him. To her horror she saw the little fellow, eighteen months old, literally enveloped in the folds of a monster snake. She heroically seized the snake in her hands and tore it loose. No sooner was he loose, however, than he made for the mother, ferociously, and coiled himself about her person, attempting to strangle her as he did the boy. She again seized him, and disengaged herself from him, and killed him with an axe. The little child swelled up for several days, but has finally recovered. The snake is what is called the "blue racer," which does not bite, but strangles. It measured ten feet.

The most powerful fountain in the world is at Bennington, Vermont, on the premises of S. S. Hunt. The water is brought in a six-inch pipe from an elevation of 325 feet, and is thrown in an inch jet to the height of 154 feet. The basin of the fountain is one hundred feet in diameter and 4½ feet deep, and the entire works cost \$20,000. The celebrated fountain at Chisleworth, England, throws only a jet 90 feet high.

While A. M. Rice was eating cherries on his farm, near Fredricksburg, Ind., on the 24 inst., and viewing the working of his horse, a blow being close to him, one of the bees stung him on the upper lip, when he immediately started for the house, calling to his mother for some remedy, laughingly remarking that a bee had stung him. The remedy was applied, but in half an hour the man was speechless, and soon after was a corpse.

As the infant begins to discriminate between the objects around it, soon discovers one countenance that ever smiles upon it with peculiar benignity. When it wakes from its sleep there is one watchful form ever bent over its cradle. It started by some unhappy dream, a guardian angel seems ever ready to soothe its fears. If cold, that ministering spirit brings it warmth; if hungry, she feeds it; if happy, she caresses it. In joy or in sorrow, in weal or woe, she is the first object of its thoughts. Her presence is heaven. The mother is the deity of infancy.

A Mrs. Chamberlain, of New Haven, dreamed the other night that her son, eleven years of age, was drowned, and was so impressed thereby that she would not allow him to go with her to South End by boat on Thursday, but sent him in the omnibus. Soon after his arrival there he was drowned while bathing.

The number of employees at the Springfield Armory has been increased to 1,200, and will probably be still further increased during the summer. The work of altering the old model muskets into breech-loaders is going on briskly, and twenty-five thousand have already undergone transformation.

Not far from Rappahannock County, Pennsylvania, a clergyman, celebrated for his talent at making blunders, after having pronounced a happy couple man and wife, concluded the ceremony by "wishing them a happy and pleasant journey through life, and hoped that they would be blessed in their marriage relation as were Abraham and Sarah in days of old." Before the company diffused themselves to their respective places of abode, a youth of Rappahannock informed them that "Sarah was one hundred years old before she bore Isaac!" That was so! The clergyman acknowledged the error, and "then the band played."

The Use of Mosquitoes.

Dr. Osmond Sells that even mosquitoes do good service to the world, and are useful even to those who hate them as they do.

God means to give us strength as well as wisdom, and he is as much opposed to idleness and inefficiency as to folly and imprudence. He keeps his rational creatures ever on the alert, and in order to keep them from becoming too much as a kind of watch to keep them awake, and sometimes it is the stern destiny of the backwoodsman either to slay or be slain, or to eat the bear or be eaten by him. Even the annoying insects that we so little love and so readily commit to Basilisk, the demon of flies as of bees, have a use, and are, like the mosquitoes, a sort of police guard to keep sluggish awake, especially on warm days, and undoubtedly those little things, whom I do not love, add to the wealth and health of the nation, by spinning the lazy and slopy to work, and keeping many a lounging from a pathless nasp in malarious regions.

Austria is making rapid progress in the path of political reform, having secured an act making the imperial ministers responsible to the legislature. For such a law the people of France and Prussia have long asked in vain.

R. R. R.—RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.—To be used on all occasions of pain or sudden sickness. Immediate relief and consequent cure for the ailments and diseases prescribed, in what the Reliance guarantees, to perform. Its motto is plain and systematic: "It will surely cure!" There is no other remedy, no other liniment, no kind of Pain-Expeller, that will check pain so suddenly and so effectively as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. It has been thoroughly tested in the workshop and in the field, in the counting room and at the forge, among civilians and soldiers, in the parlor and in the hospital, throughout all the varied climates of the earth, and one general verdict has come home: "The moment RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is applied externally, or taken inwardly according to directions, pain, from whatever cause, ceases to exist!" Use no other kind for NEURALGIA, or RHEUMATISM, or GOUT, or CRAMP, or BRUISES, or SCALDS, or BURNS, or CHILBLAINS, or MOSQUITO BITES, also PRICKS of JACQUET'S INSECTS. It is unparalleled for NEURALGIA, ARTERIAL, RHEUMATISM, TOOTHACHE, TIC DOLoureux, INFLAMMATION OF THE STOMACH, HEMORRHOIDS, KIDNEY, &c. Good for almost everything. No family should be without it. Follow directions and a speedy cure will be effected. Sold by Druggists. Price 50 cents per bottle. *mar-20-87*

MARRIAGES.

Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 16th instant, by the Rev. Wm. H. Wood, Mr. SAMUEL McDOWELL to Miss MARY WOOD, both of this city.
On the 20th of June, by the Rev. Geo. A. Durbin, Mr. THOMAS S. MATTHEWS to Emily H. F. COOK, both of this city.
On the 17th instant, by the Rev. Frank Corbin, Mr. HARRISON E. DUNN to Miss Mary J. DUNN, both of this city.
On the 19th of June, by the Rev. A. Manship, Mr. CHARLES H. DEAN to Miss ANNA E. SHELLEY, both of this city.
On the 15th instant, by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. FRANCIS A. MILES to Miss MARY J. SMITH, both of this city.
On the 20th of June, by the Rev. J. H. Peters, Mr. CHARLES F. HUGHES to Miss ELIZABETH CORBIN, both of Camden, N. J.

DEATHS.

Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 16th instant, MARY, daughter of Mary and the late Robt. Conville, aged 24 years.
On the 16th instant, JAMES ANN CORBIN, in his 24th year.
On the 15th instant, Mr. THOMAS LAFORT, aged 61 years.
On the 15th instant, FREDERICK F. MOORE, in his 24th year.
On the 15th instant, JOHNSON S. ROBERTS, in his 24th year.
On the 14th instant, Mrs. BARBARA DAVIS, aged 61 years.
On the 13th instant, WILLIAM F. MILLER, in his 34th year.
On the 13th instant, Mr. JAMES STEVEN in his 44th year.
On the 12th instant, Mr. SAMUEL C. COE, in his 64th year.

THE MARKET.

WHEAT.—The market has been very dull. About 300 bushels sold at 50¢ bid for superior, 40¢ for extra, 30¢ for No. 2, and 20¢ for No. 3. No. 4 and No. 5 not sold.

RYE.—There is more now what offering. 1000 bushels sold at 20¢ bid for superior, 15¢ for No. 2, and 10¢ for No. 3. No. 4 and No. 5 not sold.

BARLEY.—There is more now what offering. 1000 bushels sold at 20¢ bid for superior, 15¢ for No. 2, and 10¢ for No. 3. No. 4 and No. 5 not sold.

BEANS.—There is more now what offering. 1000 bushels sold at 20¢ bid for superior, 15¢ for No. 2, and 10¢ for No. 3. No. 4 and No. 5 not sold.

PEAS.—There is more now what offering. 1000 bushels sold at 20¢ bid for superior, 15¢ for No. 2, and 10¢ for No. 3. No. 4 and No. 5 not sold.

WHEAT.—There is more now what offering. 1000 bushels sold at 20¢ bid for superior, 15¢ for No. 2, and 10¢ for No. 3. No. 4 and No. 5 not sold.

RYE.—There is more now what offering. 1000 bushels sold at 20¢ bid for superior, 15¢ for No. 2, and 10¢ for No. 3. No. 4 and No. 5 not sold.

BARLEY.—There is more now what offering. 1000 bushels sold at 20¢ bid for superior, 15¢ for No. 2, and 10¢ for No. 3. No. 4 and No. 5 not sold.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKET.

The supply of beef cattle during the past week amounted to 1000 head. The price for the best was 10¢ per head, and for the worst 5¢ per head. The market was very dull.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Unequalled Inducements.

Beautiful Premium Engraving.

The proprietors of the "aid and best of the week" will offer unequalled inducements to those who order the issue of making up clubs, as well as to those who remit, as single subscribers, the full subscription price.

A large and beautiful steel line engraving, 20 inches long by 16 inches wide, possessing all the softness and peculiar charm of Mezzotint, called

"One of Life's Happy Hours."

will be sent gratis to every single (\$2.50) subscriber, and to every person sending on a club. The great expense of this Premium will, we trust, be compensated by a large increase of our subscription list.

The contents of *The Post* shall consist, as heretofore, of the very best original and selected matter that can be procured.

STORIES, SKETCHES, ESSAYS,

ANECDOTES, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, RECIPIES, NEWS, LETTERS, from the best native and foreign sources, &c., &c., &c.

NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

The Post is exclusively devoted to literature, and therefore does not discuss political or sectarian questions. It is a common ground, where all can meet in harmony, without regard to their views upon the political or sectarian questions of the day.

TERMS.

Our terms are the same as those of that well known magazine, *The Lady's Friend*, in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when desired—and are as follows:

One copy (with the large Premium Engraving) \$2.50
 1 copy of *The Post* and 1 of *The Lady's Friend*
 and one engraving. 4.00

CLUBS.

2 copies	\$4.00
4 "	6.00
5 " (and one to get up of club)	8.00
6 " "	12.00
14 " "	20.00
20 " "	28.00

A copy of the large and beautiful Premium Engraving ("One of Life's Happy Hours") will be sent to every subscriber on a club. The sender of a club of five and over, will of course get the engraving in addition to his paper.

If any member of a club wishing the engraving must remit one dollar extra.

If subscribers in British North America must remit twenty cents extra, as we have to pay the U. S. postage.

If the contents of *The Post* and of *The Lady's Friend* will always be entirely different.

OUR SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM.

We still continue our offer of a Wheeler & Wilson's No. 3 Sewing Machine, such as Wheeler & Wilson sell for \$30.00, to any one sending on a list of 35 subscribers at \$2.50 each. We will also send this Machine on the order of twenty subscribers and state dollars (that is, ten dollars in addition to the amount of the subscription price if desired). And we will send any of the higher priced Wheeler & Wilson's Machines, if the difference in price is also remitted. Every subscriber on the above Premium list will receive, in addition to his magazine or paper, a copy of the large Premium engraving, "One of Life's Happy Hours." The results of our subscribers do not receive this engraving, unless they remit one dollar extra for it.

The names of the subscribers will be sent to different Post Offices when desired.

Remittance.—In remitting, enclose the top of your letter, your post office, county, and state. If possible, please a post office order on Philadelphia. If a post office order cannot be had, get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, payable to our order. If a draft cannot be had, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Address:

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,

No. 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

If specimens copies will be sent postpaid on the receipt of five cents.

HUNGARIAN SONG.

Do you not see how our gallant Theresa,
 Stands her white charger atop of the hill?
 Do you not hear how the people applaud her,
 A woman in heart, and a hero in will?
 We are the men who ride
 Round her on every side,
 Bearing the banner and wielding the spear,
 Many a dented brand
 Girded to the soldier's hand
 Bites through her force, when Theresa is near!
 Gloriously rich is the crown of St. Stephen,
 Many a hoary knight jewel is there;
 Gold, rubies, gold, of the Lombard's own making,
 Fit for the brow of our Captain to wear,
 We are the men who stand
 Round her on every hand,
 Waiting to offer the welcome we bring,
 Till she bath claim'd her own,
 Till she has press'd that crown
 Firm on the head of Theresa, our king.

Warriors from Pesth that looks down on the Danube!
 Men from old Gran to the fairs of Belgrade!
 All that are girt by our circling Carpathians,
 Hear the deep vow that Theresa hath made!
 We with the rest of you—
 March as the best of you—
 Round her the Magyar do march as her sons;
 Claiming our liberty
 Only to fight and die
 Thus, for Theresa, the King of the Hungs.

—ARTHUR J. MURPHY.

DIARY FOR A HOT WEEK.—Sunday.—Day of rest, of course nothing can be done. Monday.—Being early in the week, don't be too precipitate in beginning anything. Tuesday.—Definitely not to let the week go by without doing something brilliant. Wednesday.—Resolve on vigorous measures for to-morrow. Thursday.—Mature yesterday's deliberations. Friday.—Rather too late in the week to do anything. Saturday.—Give yourself up to society, and consult friends (who know best) what is to be done next.

You need not tell all the truth, unless to those who have a right to know it all. But let all you tell be truth.

SEA-NEWS IN WINTER TIME.

BY JEAN INGELOW.

I walked beside the dark gray sea,
 And said, "O world, how cold thou art!
 Thou poor white world, I pity thee,
 For joy and warmth from thee depart."

"You rising wave licks off the snow,
 Winds on the crag each other chase,
 In little powdery whirls they blow
 The misty fragments down its face."

"The sea is cold, and dark its rim,
 Winter sits cowering on the world,
 And I, beside this watery brim,
 Am also lonely, also cold."

I spoke, and drew towards a rock,
 Where many mews made twittering sweet;
 Their wings upreared, the clustering flock
 Did put the sea grass with their feet.

A rock but half submerged, the sea
 Ran up and washed it while they fed;
 Their food and foetid ecstasy
 A wondering in my fancy bred.

Joy accompanied with every cry,
 Joy in their food, in that keen wind,
 That heaving sea, that shaded sky,
 And in themselves, and in their kind.

The phantoms of the deep at play!
 What idlers paced the glittering things;
 Luxurious paddling in the spray,
 And delicate lifting up of wings.

Then all at once a flight, and fast
 The lovely crowd flew out to sea;
 I mine own life had been reast,
 Earth had not looked more changed to me.

"Where is the cold? You clouded skies
 Have only dropped their curtains slow
 To shade the old mother where she lies,
 Sleeping a little, 'neath the snow."

"The cold is not in crag, nor sea,
 Not in the snow that lap the lee,
 Not in yon wings that beat afar,
 Delighting on the crested sea;

"No, nor in yon exultant wind
 That shakes the oak and bends the pine,
 Look near, look in, and then shalt find
 No cause of cold, fond fool, but thine!"

With that I felt the gloom depart,
 And thoughts within me did unfold,
 Where sunshine warmed me to the heart:
 I walked in joy, and was not cold.

SHADOWS AND OUTLINE.

INTRODUCTION.

Depend upon it life is a grim joke—a fantastic admixture of the sublime and ridiculous. Look back upon your own career, my friend, and see what a strange tangled web it is. What smudges and blotches and patches there are in it! Every now and then, it is true, you see a gorgeous bit of pattern, full of graceful lines and curves; but do they not run into ridiculous twists and twirls and fantastic angles that border the beautiful and prevent the sublime?

I tell you these three rough sketches of my own life by way of illustration. I found from nature, you may take them as untouched studies. They tell their own story, and leave something to the imagination besides.

I.—DAYDREAM.

A long, straggling, crooked street, with the shadow of the Elizabethan age upon it; a street with old gabled houses in it, and dark alleys; a street to wander about and ponder about. Nearly every shop was a museum of curiosities. The furniture brokers of the city—the fine old city of Severn—had settled down in Tick Street like a swarm of birds, and had made their nests in a line, after the fashion of the few antique swallows which had visited Tick Street from time immemorial.

The broker's nests were varied by a few green-grocers, who were tolerated, because they were useful in supplying the others with potatoes and cabbages, dried fish and cucumbers. But no other foreigners to the tribe were permitted, except a Jew clothesman, who took up his station in a dark corner despite the most formidable opposition; and I question whether "Moses," as he was called in derision, would have triumphed but for the triple-balled banner, which had a strange charm for the green-grocer's wives of the quarter and other slavishly women from distant streets, who visited the Jew at all seasons with something under their aprons.

The brokers were a proud race, and a curious; but, strange to say, they were under petticoat government, and strange to say, under spiritual government. Miss Whitehead, a Jewess, was the chief of the race, and next to her came Miss Chaika. Both ladies were artists in their way, and supplemented brokering with artistic employment. Miss Jinks made wax figures and "tobacco," as she called them, and Miss Chaika stuff'd birds.

Miss Jinks, who wore red ribbon in her cap, rejoiced in a pale yet persistent mustache, and was given to burying the heels of her dress behind, did a fair amount of business in all those miscellaneous articles of furniture which are often to be picked up cheap at sales by auction by the professional bidder who bids and bids his time; who is the first to put in appearance beneath the shadow of the auctioneer's rostrum, and the last to leave the place. Miss Jinks had a fierce, quick way of bidding, too, which was said to be highly successful, and which was looked upon as a wonderful gift by her numerous colleagues. Some of them went as far as to say that her mustache had been a fortune to her, but they never went into any detailed reasons for this assertion.

The truth is, Miss Jinks had a masculine, domineering way with her, and was an energetic woman, continually fighting and asserting herself. She was perpetually announcing her birth and parentage, and demonstrating her superiority both in learning and wealth.

"My father, ah! I have told before, with a merchant, and a merchant in this very city, and a boarding-school education was mine from a child, with use of the globe and woodwork; and when I came to years of discretion, I copied his contracts, and kept his ledger, and it is not for those who have been brought up otherwise to compete with one that has."

There was no gainsaying this from a woman of fiery, who looked at you with a pair of fierce

gray eyes, and who flourished a brawny arm, that could easily have struck you to the earth if you had.

"It's all very well for your Chalkies and others to set themselves up, and make out that they have real genteel ideas, but they are not to be had for twopenny a week at a charity school, no more than real mahogany is to be bought for the price of deal. Your Chalkies may think it elevating to stuff birds and put glass eyes in their poor weak little heads; but it's for them as knows what true art is to snap their fingers at such rubbish. What do you say, Arthur?"

That was your humble servant, I was Arthur; I, Arthur Westwood. When this little outbreak of temper on the part of Miss Jinks occurred, I had been engaged for more than a week to assist in painting her wax figures. My father and mother were "poor but industrious," as the story books put it, and my five shillings a week formed an important addition to the general stock.

Miss Jinks had three rooms set apart for her "Gallery of Arts," her "Wonders in Wax," to which her customers were admitted without charge, and which she contemplated removing at some future day to the great metropolis. Her figures were about the size of the ordinary Punch puppets, and they were all her own manufacture. There were among them kings and queens and princes of all climes; poets and generally, pickpockets and murderers; and a model of every bird, beast, and reptile, copied from a large folio edition of "Goldsmith's Animated Nature." Some of the figures were grouped in tableaux, and others were stuck up in single file. There was Daniel in the lion's den, and Moses holding up the serpent; Napoleon at St. Helena; the coronation of Queen Victoria; the trial of a bandit chief; the capture of a negro; and Byron bidding adieu to his native hills.

Some of these groups were enclosed in glass cases. Miss Jinks set most value upon the Scripture pieces; and she had succeeded, by means of a pair of old clock-works, a piece of string, and a handle, in making Daniel nod his head at an apopleptic lion, and by the same appliances the snake was made to spin round and round; but Miss Jinks explained to her friends and admirers that she feared above mere tricks of the sort; she had only introduced mechanism just to show what might be done; her great object was to imitate nature in all its beautiful forms and colors; and she hoped she had succeeded—to say nothing of the correct costumes of the periods.

When persons of more than ordinary position, after making a purchase, were induced to visit the gallery, Miss Jinks would quietly slip behind a curtain in the third room, and perform sundry well-known airs on an old square piano, which she had bought at the sale of the boarding-school establishment where she was educated, and upon which she had learnt the five fingered exercise. Miss Jinks was a lover of order and harmony. She liked all things to be in keeping, she said; and so, when her visitors were looking at Daniel, she struck up the Old Hundredth with impossible variations; "Rob Roy" accompanied the bandit scene, and "God Save the Queen" the coronation.

The figures were marvels in the way of eye and arm. The former were always very wide open, and the latter usually fixed in a painful expression of assumed authority. Napoleon was looking through his glass at a soldier, who was close to him; and Queen Victoria was sitting very jauntily on a postboard throne, raising her sceptre in a very disdainful fashion, among a crowd of rickety, drunken, spongy-looking lords, and dukes, and generals, and bishops, some with drawn swords, others with their hands upon their hips, striking magnificent attitudes. Byron was sitting up in a boat all alone, with his shirt collar undone, and his native hills were rising up a few inches from the shore, and in a very threatening attitude; whilst in the lion's den, at the coronation, at St. Helena, and in the wilderness, birds and beasts and reptiles were flying and creeping and prowling about in all the glory of blue, and red, and green, and yellow, with golden heads, and tails, and eyes, and legs, and feet, of the most varied and gorgeous hue.

Miss Jinks loved plenty of color. "Nature has not stunted it, and no more will we, Arthur; so just give that peacock another touch of blue, and give the lizard a green topping."

And in that little room where the figures received their final touches of color, I, Arthur Westwood, received the gorgeous spinsters' instructions, and carried them out. Few fellows would believe that this was my first introduction to art. My instructress had, as I have said, a tremendous eye for color, and she was always anxious that it should be understood she was an amateur. Art was not her profession, neither was it a necessity to her on the score of money; it was her hobby, her recreation, and she never failed to explain all this upon all occasions.

"Your Chalkies and such like may pretend to be brokers and furniture dealers and connoisseurs of articles of virtue, but it is one thing to do that as a profession, and live by it, and another to stuff birds and all sorts of filthy things, and really get your bread and cheese by it; though why I should say bread and cheese, when it is well known that the Chalkies most likely dine off the bodies of the birds and beasts which they stuff—the process is well known; but it is not for me to say nothing against my neighbors, and so never mind that, Arthur, but look to the color and don't be afraid of your blues and reds. If nature makes a thing blue, why make it as blue as you can, Arthur."

It was a strange world, this new world which opened up to me at Jinks'; quite a world of wonder and romance. To be allowed to revel in Goldsmith's book, and the history of Goldsmith, a book of fairy tales, eastern legends, and Byron's poems; and not only to look at the pictures, but to paint models from them, and have real paints and brushes! This was something beyond all my childish dreams; and so I have five shillings a week for such glorious amusement! There was something so marvellously romantic about the whole thing, that half my time I could not help believing that Miss Whitehead, Jinks was an eccentric genius, who lavished favors upon me from pure good nature.

A room all to myself, and paints all to myself, and all the contents of a Noah's ark done up in wax to paint and fasten feathers upon, and rows of dolls waiting for their cheeks to be rouged! It was quite a little paradise. When I went home to dinner every day, I walked along the streets with my studio and paints and pictures continually in my poor little noddie. All very ridiculous; and yet that made me a painter. Art, and more; my being an artist was the means of introducing me to her who made such

a change in the tangled web of my tangled life, that I may exhibit it fairly, in proof of the grim ridiculous bleeding of pain and pleasure, and greatness and littleness, in the web which we complete at last.

The time soon came, you may be sure, when I discovered that my spinsters' angel was anything but a goddess. I was hardly twelve years old when I found that I was living in a fool's paradise, and that all the visitors made fun of Miss Jinks and her *petit artist*. O, that I could have gone on in my ignorance, blissfully painting puppets! When my father became well off I went to school, and learnt to be ashamed of the name of Jinks, though I imbibed my love of art at that muddy source in Tick Street, where the morning of my life first broke in such glories of blue, and carmine, and amber.

II.—TWILIGHT.

No, I would not part with that palette for a hundred pounds. I am not rich either, Heaven knows that I have painted for years and years, and old Tandy, the dealer, takes a sufficient number of pictures from me to make my income enough for an old bachelor. But a hundred pounds, no, not a thousand, would buy that poor little palette, with the dried-up patches of color upon it—her palette.

I was a young fellow when first I knew her. She was a member of that drawing class which I established in the northern city. You don't know the city? A quaint old monkish place to dream away a life in; a city with a cathedral and castle where the sun lights up in a thousand strangely beautiful ways; a city fully represented by those ecclesiastical and feudal buildings, which stand on a high hill overlooking the Wear. Mr. Beverley has put many a bit of the banks of this same water into his magnificent Drury Lane scenery. But how I wander. Let me see, I was talking about that palette of E. Jinks's.

She was an orphan, and lived with a maiden aunt in the college yard. Such eyes! That sketch of mine which hangs by the fireplace does not come within a thousand miles of their sparkling depth. And her brown hair defied twisted over her forehead. I fancy I can see her now, bending over her work and struggling at it in her childish desperation.

"I shall never be able to draw any better," she said, her pretty lips pouting, and a tear trickling down her fair cheek; "but I really think I have an eye for color."

"An eye for color?" I remember saying to myself; "an eye for love—an eye to make a man happy all his days."

But I was a young fellow then, susceptible and enthusiastic, and I fell in love with E. Jinks almost the first moment I saw her.

"And I am determined I will do something; I feel that I could make such a picture if I only knew how to convey my own ideas and impressions."

"Make a picture! Yes, as pretty a one as ever adorned canvas," I said, on the impulse of the moment.

"Now you are laughing at me," she said, sadly, not taking my compliment, nor noticing the blush on my face. "Everybody laughs at me. Aunt calls me stupid, and the girls in the class sneer at each other and titter at what they call my impossible trees and eccentric animals."

"I was not laughing, I assure you," Miss Viner, I said, seriously; "I should be the last to laugh at you—who admires you so much, and—"

She had remained behind after the class had broken up, and her sweet, confiding manner to me was irresistible. I fear I forgot my position as tutor entirely. I staggered out some hurried, ill-considered words, and felt as if my very existence depended upon the effect it would make. I can remember the sensation now, gray old bachelor as I am; and I have not forgotten the awful feeling of chagrin and disappointment at the ringing laugh which greeted my outburst of romance.

"Why, what a silly young man you must be, Mr. Westwood. It is really too absurd. Here am I anxious that you should teach me how to paint, and you actually begin to talk about love—like Don Quixotte, or a person in a play."

And the liveliest, arch, round, supple, bright-eyed girl laughed again with intense amusement. I was piqued; she had made me look foolish; she had ridiculed my tenderest hopes. I had pictured something quite different to this, and had seen myself, by her desire, suing for her hand at the feet of that old girl, her aunt, in the cathedral close.

"Now don't be so silly any more, Mr. Westwood, and I will promise never to mention what has occurred. It is too absurd, you know."

"Well, perhaps it is," I said, without understanding her, but with an intense sense of being absurdly foolish.

"There," she said, passing from the subject with the supreme indifference, "please to look at that, and tell me if you think I shall ever paint and will you teach me? I have a wicked aunt, and she is willing to fit me up a studio of my own."

From beneath her cloak she produced a bit of oil color—a poor reflecting the drooping branches of a beech-tree. It was an autumn sketch full of rough unstudied effects of light and shade that for the moment astonished me mightily. There was evidence of the amateur; but the vigor, the depth of tone of the unstudied touches were almost startling.

"This is yours?" I said, coldly.

"Yes," she said, bending her head, and looking confused.

"It is very clever; you will paint," I said.

"Oh, thank you, thank you, Mr. Westwood," she said, looking up with great earnestness. "I was afraid you would laugh at it; aunt called it a red and yellow daub."

Here is her secret, then, I thought. Her genius has made itself manifest to her: she is under its persistent influence.

"I would give the world to paint. I will succeed, and you must help me."

I did help her, during many a happy, happy hour, in that studio overlooking the river, and in the dear old Great woods, and on the grand Teesdale moors. That bit beneath the tree by the fireplace is a study she made under my eyes in the bed of the Tees. Notice the rock down beneath the water, the liquid-amber stream, which Sir Walter Scott sung about. Something like color, that!

In less than twelve months she painted far better than her tutor, who before half that time had passed her as slave in everything. I have sat and watched her and loved her like a young fellow can love, and she knew it. But if ever there was the faintest attempt at pointed homage

on my part, she would pooh-pooh the whole thing with an indifference to my feelings which often struck me as heartless in the extreme. Sometimes I went home half mad with rage and wounded pride, and determined to leave the place forever; but morning brought hope, and longing to see E. Jinks, longing to be at her side, to hear her speak, ay, it only to wince at her cynical laugh, and her oft-repeated saying, that "love was the greatest nonsense she had ever heard of,—painting the grandest of the arts."

I never could comprehend her. By degrees I came to think of her in the light of a sort of intellectual Uddine, before the human soul tempered the waywardness of the fairy. She seemed to possess everything that makes woman lovely and lovable, but the one thing above all others most essential—a woman's heart.

One morning I received a note from her aunt, in which I was informed that the lessons must cease, as Miss Viner was going to leave the northern city.

I hurried to the house, and met on the doorstep a big, mustached, dark fellow. I asked for Miss Viner, as usual. She came running down stairs; and at her call of "Edward! Edward, dear!" the gentleman turned round and followed her into the drawing-room.

"Come in, Mr. Westwood; pray come in," she said. "Let me introduce you to Captain Howard, of the Bombay Artillery. Mr. Westwood—Captain Howard."

We bowed stiffly to each other, and I looked for an explanation.

"I see you are puzzled, Mr. Westwood. To-morrow Captain Howard is to be my husband, and we leave here en route for India the next day."

I shall not attempt to describe my feelings; I fear they were made very apparent at the time. Anger and contempt had, surely, some share in the expression of my poor stupid face at that occasion; but I could only see cool indifference on E. Jinks's.

I turned to go away, but Miss Viner prevented me.

"Here," she said, "is a little present before I go. I hope you will treasure it,—my palette. I shall never paint again."

There was something peculiarly sad in the tone of voice in which she said, "I shall never paint again."

The next day she had left the old city with her husband. How I wished myself a boy again, painting puppets in that little back room in the western city! I have painted many a one since, for that matter.

By the way, I have lately learnt that when Miss Jinks died, the Chalkies purchased the "Gallery of Arts," and combined the two establishments. How little we know who will step into our shoes when we are gone! Perhaps our greatest enemy may quietly settle himself in our own chair in the favorite friend's corner. Thank Heaven! science cannot penetrate the future. We look upon the tangled web as we spin it; but we know nothing of the lines, and curves, and broken threads to come.

III.—EVENING.

A jilted old bachelor, am I? Well, if you like, that is my character. And I am silly enough to hang on to the garment of memory, and make a fool of myself over an old palette that belonged to a school-girl.

I often wondered if she saw the notions of my works in the papers. Of course she did. They got all the journals at Bombay. Hard work is a good thing when you are in trouble. Some fellows labor away on canvas; some work, as they say, on beer only; some on a dry pipe. I worked on a dry, heart-breaking sorrow. I had filled my very soul with one face; and all at once, the image was not only gone forever, but I had discovered its utter worthlessness.

E. Jinks was to me a narrow, selfish, heartless woman; a siren, who had tempted me to wreck and ruin. My soul had yearned to her, not only in love, but in admiration. She was a genius, born with a specialty for art. She was the sublime thing which seemed all at once to spring up out of a ridiculous past. All my vague romantic passions exulted in her, and I loved her like—well, like an artist who is young and poor and loves.

And I could not help treasuring that palette for the sake of our happy days, and in memory of that one old look which came into her eyes and voice at parting. Did she really regret her choice? Could she have been unduly influenced? Had she any choice in the matter?

Many a long year afterwards, when I had made my mark, and got beyond Tandy, the dealer (perhaps you remember his place behind the Haymarket), a young lady called upon me. There was a dark old Indian woman with her, who courted very low.

"Mr. Westwood, I believe," said the young lady, a fine full-grown woman of about twenty, and dressed in deep mourning.

"Yes," I said, offering a seat.

"My name is Howard," she said. "I have recently arrived from Bombay."

I felt my heart beating strangely, and the blood rushing into my stupid old face. I could see the likeness of E. Jinks; it was particularly noticeable in the full gray eyes.

"My mother said I was to tell you—"

"Is she still living?" I ventured to ask, for the suspense was awful.

The girl shook her head, and the tears came into her eyes as she said, "I am an orphan."

Something brought the little palette to my mind, and its poor faded patches of color, and I think there were tears in my own eyes too.

"I was to give you this packet, and tell you that I was christened E. Jinks Westwood."

"God bless you!" I exclaimed; and she came and nestled in the trembling old arms which I stretched towards her.

She knew the story of my life.

E. Jinks had really loved the poor painter. (How all the sunshine of the northern city came back to me in a moment!) But she had been engaged to Captain Howard before she saw me,—engaged almost from childhood, and their hands had been joined at her father's bedside when he lay dying.

She had steeled her heart to her fate; but whilst she was free my society had a fascination for her which she could not overcome. At last she strove to make me hate her; and that to morning's encounter when last I saw her was engaged to give the final blow to my liking. She nearly broke her own heart in dealing it, but the die was cast.

True to her last words, she had never painted again. Alas! she, too, had known no happiness. Her husband, I gleaned afterwards, in quiet interviews with the daughter, was a gay, selfish fellow, who met with a dishonorable death.

So our two lives were blighted; and now you

LORD ULSWATER.

CHAPTER XL.

BEHIND THE WOOD-PILE.

understand what a big sorrow it was which had been doing battle with by hard work. And if you like to call me a jilted old bachelor, you may; but I still cling to that little palette and the memories that surround it.

In the hands of Fate we are all as much puppets as were those absurd wax figures in the hands of Miss Jinks, whose dolls fell into the possession of her dearest friend.

Edith Westwood Howard was my ward, bless her heart! And she appeared like an angel at her first for a few short months. She is Mrs. Lloyd Graven now, and a mother too; and her children call me great grandpa in fun, laugh at my wheel-chair, and call it great grandpa's little perambulator.

Have not the ridiculous and the sublime been strangely mixed up in my life? Last night I dreamt I was one of the Tick Street puppets, very white and very cold, with an old palette by my side, with faded spots of yellow, and red, and brown upon it. And when I awoke I was sitting in my perambulator, as the children call it, with several people round me; and somebody said, "He is a very old man," and another said, "Ah, he'll never paint any more."

And then I was in the northern city again, where she said the would never paint again. It seemed as if memory was kind to me, and I got up and went to my room, and asked for her palette; and there I sat in the evenings, and smoke and chat with Lloyd Graven, who is at the top of the tree, they say. He is engaged upon a great picture now, called "Evening." There is a bit of single river in it, an old man, a gray cathedral tower among some trees, and the sun is setting in the west. It is pleasant to talk to Graven about the twilight and the evening, and I want him to paint an unused palette by the side of the old man, and an ewel with a half-finished picture upon it; then Edith, his wife, peeps in and laughs at us, and we nod at her and go on smoking; and so the evening passes, and the long, dark night comes on.

THE HOUSE IN THE MEADOW.

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

It stands in a sunny meadow,
The house so mossy and brown,
With its curious old stone chimneys,
And the gray roof sloping down.

The trees fold their green arms round it—
The trees a century old;
And the winds go chanting through them,
And the sunbeams drop their gold.

The cowpals spring in the marshes,
The roses bloom on the hill,
And beside the brook in the pasture
The herds go feeding at will.

Within, in the wide old kitchen,
The old folks sit in the sun,
That creeps through the sheltering woodbine,
Till the day is almost done.

"Is it you, doctor?" she asked, halting a pace
beyond the line of darker shadow that the great
pile of timber threw upon the broken pavement
and discolored earth. "I could not come
earlier. You have waited, no doubt. We shall
talk better here, and with less chance of at-
tracting notice," Lysa added, leading the way to
the narrow ledge that intervened between the
mountain of heaped-up timber and the grimy
wood-work of the wharf, beneath which the tide
lashed and bubbled.

"You are not afraid to be alone with me?"
said the Shelton doctor justly.

"Afraid!" the girl answered scornfully. "I
can take care of myself. And Mr. Marsh,
whose eyes had become comparatively accus-
tomed to the darkness, could see that Lysa had
one hand hidden beneath the folds of her shawl,
as before. He could guess the reason, and had
no doubt of her ability to be her own protectress.

"Hark you, Mrs. Fletcher," he said earnestly,
"I want you and I to be friends and partners,
not enemies. We've both of us something to
get, and both of us something to fear."

"I don't fear him!" broke out Lysa, flaming
up in sudden anger, as an excited woman will;
"it is for him I fear me now—How dare you
say I fear him?"

"Well, well, I won't say it," returned Mr.
Marsh smoothly. "No offense, I assure you,
was intended. I was just in better language—
there is a person whom we both have cause
to dislike."

"To hate!" the girl said, fiercely interrupting
him. "I hate him! The very name of John
Carnac is loathsome to me—Stop! Did you
hear nothing—a footstep?"

They both listened intently. Nothing was to
be heard but the far-off stir of mighty London,
and nearer, the wash and moan of the tide, run-
ning strongly.

Mr. Marsh was the first to renew the conver-
sation. "Now, Mrs. Fletcher," he said, "I want
us to see our way clearly. We know but little
of each other, certainly."

"I know nothing of you," flashed out Lysa in
her old impetuous way, "except that you are a
doctor—that you were assistant to Dr. Dennis,
who was too honest a gentleman to be trusted
with a knowledge of the devil's work that fair-
faced fiend had on foot at the abbey—and that
you were paid, no doubt, for your share in the
wickedness that was done."

"Meaning that affair of the succession—yes,
but I was not paid," Mr. Marsh returned with
grim coolness; "not paid according to my de-
serts, I mean. A few hundred I did get—but
what was that?—a mere drop in the ocean, a
mere fraction of the riches that John Carnac got
by the bat's death!"

"You wretch, be silent!" cried Lysa ex-
citedly, and she shuddered from head to foot.
Whether women are, or are not, better than
men, at least a woman must be very much de-
based before she can speak of a crime as stoic-
ally as some men can do. The silence that
succeeded was long and awkward.

"Look you, my good lady," said Mr. Marsh
at last, in a dry, resolute way; "you and I must
come to some understanding. You can be
useful to me—very useful. You were the boy's
nurse. The last time I saw him, living, the last
time, as I have heard, that any human eye saw
him, living, he was in your care. Take your
choice between standing in the witness-box and
standing in the dock. From what you said to-
day, I suspect your husband has some chance
of standing behind the spikes and sweet herbs
too."

"You threaten, do you?" returned Lysa in
a voice that boded no good, and as she spoke she
drew nearer.

"Not if you won't be a fool," answered
Stephen Marsh, with a composure that did credit
to his nerves; "and you won't. Sticking that
stupid bit of steel under my ribs, even if you
were sure to kill, which you're not, you know,
would merely benefit the enemy of both of us.
I tell you this: you couldn't render Lord Uls-
water a greater service than by murdering me."

As the surgeon said these last words, some-
thing stirred close by among the planks and
beams, but he was too intent upon the effect
that his words produced to hear or heed it.

"I have no cause to wish him well," said
Lysa bitterly. She was standing with arms
length of hostility had passed away, and the
saw she shone down on her upturned face as she
glanced thoughtfully up at the sky.

"No, you have not," rejoined Mr. Marsh, with
ever so little of a sneer.

She started, as if an adder had stung her.
"What do you mean?" she asked defiantly.
"You know nothing of me."

"I can make a shrewd guess, though, at your
previous history, Mrs. F." said the doctor
boldly. "I saw in your eyes at St. Pagan's
there, that you had no great liking for our noble
friend, my Lord that is now; but you were his
slave, bound to do his bidding in that matter of
little Gay, the heir. And I suspect you did not
always hate John Carnac, eh?"

"No. To my sorrow," Lysa answered in a
tone that struck sadly on his ear, calm and
selfish as he was, like the distant tolling of a
death-bell. "Hater for him, and better, ah,
how much better for me, had I never set eyes on
his treacherous, smiling face—never hearkened
to the false words that from his lips seemed
truer than truth. You have guessed right. I
did not always hate John Carnac. There was a
time, doctor, when I loved him better than
my life."

Stephen Marsh, M.R.C.S., grinned furtively,
rather in compliment to his own sagacity than
as deriding the species of confession which his
interrogator had provoked. He was close to the
timber, in the deepest of the shadow, while the
girl stood a little nearer to the wharf, clear of
the wood-pile, and with the faint starlight full
upon her uplifted face. His vision was well used
to the night by this time, and he could see how
pale, and dark, and handsome that face was, with
the strongly marked arch of the eyebrows, the
pure oval of the forehead, and the slumbering
ferocity of the well-shaped mouth—coral-
clipped and dainty to look upon, but very firm
and resolute. Mr. Marsh had not much trouble
in filling up the details of a little history—Jas
too common—which should explain the connec-
tion between his noble employer and the beau-
tiful young woman who had watched beside the
sickbed of the child that had died, so conveni-
ently for the temporal interests of the Honora-
ble John. "Carnac looks just the fellow to turn
a girl's head," thought Mr. Marsh.

"I was not wicked then," Lysa went on,
in a tone of dreamy sadness, and rather as if
thinking aloud than addressing the surgeon—"I
did not live among bad folks. We scarcely
knew, in that simple country place where I was
born, what a den of ravening wolves this great
London was. I wonder whether the old clergy-
man—our good vicar—would turn his head away
now if he met her who was once little Lysa—
old Captain Fleming's daughter—that was the
favorite pupil in the village school, and was
held up as a model to the other girls—a fine
modest girl, she laughed bitterly here—"a pattern
to others, truly!" She ceased speaking for a
little while, but the surgeon waited patiently,
and she went on again. "My poor old father—
I broke his heart, they say; but I loved him;
only I loved that one, the tempter, more than
all the world else—they called my father Cap-
tain along the sea-shore there, because he had
been a merchant skipper once, and sailed in a
ship of his own, that was cast away on the Nor-
way coast, uninsured. That loss made him
poor; but we were respectable folks, sir, and
respected by high and low. I was well brought
up; but my mother died, and I had no one to
stand between me and him, and to save me from
myself. My poor father—he suspected nothing
—the good-looking young gentleman-angler was
always welcome at his poor house; and used to
listen to sea-stories for hours, so patient and
bright-eyed; and the old man never thought
why he came. Ah! doctor, it was an ill day
for me and mine that brought Mr. Carnac fish-
ing, down our valley there in quiet Furness."

"Furness, eh? Your native place, then?"
Mr. Marsh began thus, with unbecoming curi-
osity. But his question dissolved the spell that
had hitherto made the proud, reserved young
woman reveal so much. She seemed to awake
as from a dream, and the glance that she cast
towards him was one of suspicion.

"It signifies nothing, Dr. Marsh, whence I
came. If I went back there, I should find no-
thing left of those who cared for me but their
names on the white headstones in the old
churchyard; and the very children in the street
would hoot me and point at me. When I came
away, it was forever. And I am a married
woman now; and I have a husband that I love;
and I would sooner be the wife of James
Sark than of John Carnac, though the one be a
thief, and the other calls himself a lord, though
he's but Mr. Carnac still, if all had their due."

At another time, it is probable that Lysa
would not have allowed this last remark to pass
unheeded. It is more than likely that so
sudden an assertion that Lord Ulswater's cor-
net was not worn de jure, might have struck
him as something more than the mere violence
of an angry woman. But his mind was busy
with another of the ironical disclosures which
impetuous Lysa had made in her last speech.
She had distinctly alluded to her husband by
the name of James Sark. Now, Mr. Marsh re-
membered a good deal about James Sark, and
for reasons which his own lips will best ex-
plain.

"If your husband is, as I suppose, the James
Sark who was tried and transported"—he be-
gan, and again Lysa cut short the sentence.

"Why, then, you'll betray him, unless I obey
you—in that your meaning, sir?" and she drew
a step nearer to him, so that her eyes looked
into his, with a gleam that he did not like. He
thought of the dagger that he carried. T. U.
he was a man, and of necessity stronger than
she could be; but even a foolish and a flesh-
and-blood were not to be risked, unless as they
did the overthrow of his schemes.

"Not a bit of it," he said, sturdily; "on the
contrary, I can prove to you that in helping me
against my Lord, you help to topple down the
enemy to whom your husband owes his con-
viction and banishment. I prove it. I've got a
letter—it came into my hands by the queerest
accident—that clearly shows that Mr. Marsh the
lawyer, the attorney who conducted the defence,
to have been bribed to get his client found
guilty."

"A letter from?—Lord Ulswater?" said Lysa
eagerly, and with a quick gasping, as if for
breath: "or are you cheating me?"

But Mr. Marsh, it appeared, was quite in ear-
nest. He proceeded to detail with perfect co-
herence all the circumstances under which that
letter came into his possession. According to
his story, Lord Ulswater—then merely his brother's
half-presumptive, in consequence of the
death of the infant son of the late lord—had
written to Mr. Marsh, in answer to some applica-
tion for money. But by one of those mistakes
to which even the wisest are sometimes liable,
the envelope addressed to the Shelton surgeon
contained, not merely the short note of six lines
in which Mr. Carnac informed him that a certain
sum was lodged in bank to his credit, but also a
letter, which ought, properly speaking, to have
been sent to Mr. Marsh of the Old Jewry. This
document very plainly elucidated the real nature
of Mr. Carnac's interest in the prisoner, whose
defence Mr. Marsh was, at his expense to conduct,
and distinctly pointed out the best method of
securing a conviction. Mr. Marsh had retained
this letter in his possession, with a vague hope
that it might one day be useful in "putting the
screw" on his noble patron, who already ap-
peared to be growing less liberal than was
agreeable to the needy instrument of his will;
and Lord Ulswater, whose correspondence was
extensive, had never made any inquiry as to the
miserable epistle, and most probably was unaware
to whom he had in error addressed it.

Mr. Marsh had kept the letter, but to him it
had hitherto been as useless as a secret door of
which the spring is unknown. He had no clue
to the identity of the burglar Sark, of whom he
read in the newspapers, with the husband of
that Mrs. Fletcher, the handsome nurse, whom
the late lord had hired, at his brother's recom-
mendation, as an attendant on little Gay Carnac,
who should have been Lord Ulswater. He only
knew that he had in this letter a weapon that
one day might be employed with effect, if ever
he should learn how to use it; and now he had
found out how to make it pierce the enemy's
armor.

"I've got the letter with me in my bag at
Grupp's," he said; "that, and every scrap of
writing of Mr. Lord's that I ever clapped my
eyes upon. Nothing in any of them, though,
except that once—cunning dog! You shall see
it yourself."

Lysa drew her breath with effort as she re-
plied: "Meet me here, then, to-morrow night,
at the same hour. I will bring Jim with me;
and I will tell him—tell him all—he only knows
in part, dear fellow; and I know he will for-
give me for once, my long ago, and was too
generous to listen to my history when I offered
to tell him everything, before I married him.
Yes, Jim shall come; and if the letter be all
you say, and if that fresh proof of John Carnac's
black treachery be added to all the rest."

She stopped, with a gasp, as if she had been
running hard, and stood motionless.

"What then?" asked Mr. Marsh.

"I will not spare him!" she whistled hoarsely,
"I have spared him, but I will not spare him
now. I must go. I have so much to say to
Jim, and I must prepare him first. Good night,
doctor. This time to-morrow." And she left
him gliding away, ghost-like into the darkness.

Mr. Marsh stayed to smoke a cigar. The to-
bacco soothed his ruffled nerves, shaken by
excitement, for he was jubilant at his success.
Presently he found the stump of the cigar away
into the water, and turned to go. "A good night's
work!" he said to himself, approvingly, more
than once, during his walk to Grupp's—"a
good night's work, indeed!"

At about the moment of his entering that out-
lying post of Furness of Derbyshire, with its
midland garrison and commissariat, a strong
man, who had heard every syllable of the fore-
going conversation, emerged from his hiding-
place behind a row of gigantic beams, so heavy
as to be this proof, which stood in front of the
platform that formed the bulk of the wood pile.
This man wore a red handkerchief twisted loosely
round his brawny throat, and was dressed in
greasy fustian, and wore a brown cap. He took
a keen survey of the deserted street before he
trusted himself within it, and then, aware that no
policeman was visible, went slouching upon his
way.

The wood pile had not yet given up all its
secrets. A full minute, or more, after the last
echoes of Hendigo Bill's weighty footfall had
died away, a rustling and stir became faintly
audible, proceeding from a great heap of chips,
and splintered wood, and shavings, relics of the
week's work of steady carpenters labouring on
the offer deck, and which, as being behind the
chain of linked wheel-barrow, had been left,
even in London, to be swept up and removed
upon the Saturday. The noise was just such
as a rat from the adjacent wharf might have
produced. It was not a rat's sharp muzzling,
however, that came peering over the rampart of
barrows, but the gray-whiskered, rat-like face of
a lean old man, an old fellow in a brown great-
coat, but as was the weather. It was the face,
and it was the coat, of the old man who had
hung about the corner of Cecil Street on that
very afternoon; and coat, and face, and feisty
whiskers were those of Professor Brum.

He was in no hurry. He waited a minute,
and yet a minute, gazing up the dusky ravine of
the sloping street, with its yellow lamps twink-
ling at intervals, and throwing little pools of
light upon the coal-blackened pavement, gazing
as if his bleared eyes had been gimbels piercing
some tangible impediment. Then he squeezed
his lank body through a narrow aperture be-
tween the chain of barrows, piled threshold,
and the hoarding of discolored boards, to some of
which were still sticking red, blue, and white
fragments of tattered paper, portions of old an-
nouncements of bygone plays, sales, and sights.
He did not venture into the street, even then,
but crawled along the wharfs, sliding and keep-
ing close to wall and paling; and as he made
his crooked way eastward, he mumbled out a
sort of querulous soliloquy. "Only a word here
and a word there," he muttered. "I'm getting
plagued deaf; and the cold wind from the river
ain't the best of oars for the baggage, it ain't.
But I can hear as much as most men of my
time of life, and when I don't hear, I can guess.
Let's see: Dandy Jim, and that handsome wife
of his, and the dove in black, yer. But my
nephew Bill—for I'd swear to him anywhere—
why should he put his finger in the pie? Ugh! Ugh!
And then he turned towards Fleet Street, and
was lost in the crowd."

CHAPTER XLII.

RUTH'S DREAM.

"You will go, dear? O yes, I know you will.
You could not refuse what she asks, now, poor
thing! If she had cared to see me I would have
gone to her at once, though the meeting would
have been very painful and very sad. All this

—think me foolish if you will, John—seems to
me so terribly as if it were my fault, my doing.
But you will go at once to poor Ruth, won't
you?"

The telegram was lying on the table. It had
arrived at St. Pagan's in Lord Ulswater's absence,
and a mounted groom had galloped over to
Shelton Manor with the dispatch. Lord Uls-
water had opened it in Flora's presence, and
some exclamation which he could not repress,
however sincerely he might regret it the instant
after, had told Miss Hastings enough of its pur-
port to render it necessary that she should know
more. He was in a manner compelled to give
the ominous missive into her hands, and to let
her ascertain for herself the worst of the tidings.
The message was from a London doctor of great
eminence, and he spoke in the name of another
physician more famous even than he, with whom
he had been in consultation. Briefly the case
stood thus—Ruth Morgan was dying.

It was an evil hour for the poor invalid girl,
whose frail life was as a thread that rough hand-
ling would snap, when she was shut up in the
same house with her brother, settled, stung,
snarled by the pain and shame of his discom-
fiture, and ready, as is the nature of hurt men
as of hurt brutes, to turn his fury upon the first
inconspicuous intruder. And, besides this promi-
nent ferocity, the rejected suitor had a pecu-
liar grievance to allege against his innocent
sister—he chose to consider her as a sort of
duenna, responsible for the good conduct of
Flora Hastings; and he felt towards her very
much as if she had slept at her side, being a
sentinel on whose vigilance all depended.

Nobody, in theory, can fathom the wonderful
amount of injustice of which men and women
are capable. The old fable of the wolf and the
lamb renews itself a thousand thousand times.
There are wolves in fustian, and wolves in fine
broad-cloth; he wolves and she wolves; wolves
in ermine, and wolves in white neckcloths;
lupine viages grinning out from fashionable
bonnets, or staring from beneath hats of broad-
est brim, glaring threats and reproaches at bleat-
ing, helpless lambs, charged with impossible
muddying of brooks at which the wolf slaked
his or her thirst.

There had been a dreadful scene, one of a
series of dreadful scenes, between brother and
sister. Morgan was half mad. The incident
that succeeded the scandal and struggle at
Shelton had given time for the iron thoroughly
to enter into his soul. Had he and his sup-
porter been French, a challenge, a duel with
swords, and a smart flesh wound, would have
given him an excellent means of escape from
the Black Care that stood perched behind his
carriage and behind his chair. To be ill, and
weak, and to go through a slow convalescence,
would have cooled the raging fever within him.
Violent and prolonged exercise would have
done the same. Had he had his sense to set off,
carrying his own knapsack, on a Swiss peder-
estrian tour, clambering up such Alpine heights
as his strength could compass, and going to bed
every night dead-tired, he might have left the
remembrance of Flora Hastings behind him like
a dim dream.

But caged in London, ashamed to go to his
club, lest some acquaintance passing through
town should peer at him in his sleeve, or greet
him with short condolence in his face, humiliat-
ed before his own eccentricities, there was but one
valve for the steam of his temper. He quarrelled
fiercely with Ruth, saying words that stabbed that
poor little heart more cruelly than a knife could
have done. At last, he could bear London no
longer; he bade his man, once body-servant to
the gallant Lord Lovelock, pack his trunk, and
follow him to Dover, or to Paris, if he should
not find his master at Dover. Fortunately Morgan
was going to Egypt, and far up the Nile, to
the N'yanks, and the fencers of Nile, and the
internal regions, for aught he cared—so he
roughly told his sister, and as roughly he reject-
ed her piteous offer to go along with him. He
had had enough of her company, he said, and
enough of her friendship, and knew the worth
of her now.

Dr. Pickington told this story, or rather, he
furnished an abridgement for Lord Ulswater's
information. There had been painful interviews,
he said, and sad misunderstandings, between
his patient and her irritable brother. The worst
of these had been the last; and Morgan had
left the house abruptly, and had quitted Lon-
don for the Continent, and so to Marseille and
Egypt. His sister, the doctor said, had been
found on the floor in a fainting state, hours after-
wards. She had fallen into swoon after a swoon—
dure, no doubt, to the unhappy agitation that she
had experienced. A blood-vessel had been
broken, in or near the lungs, so far as Lord Uls-
water could gather from the condensed account
of the disaster, and not merely Dr. Pickington,
but the great Sir Joseph, had given up the case
as hopeless. The poor girl expressed a very
urgent desire to see Lord Ulswater before she
died; she could not go, she said without seeing
him.

Such was the poor girl's message, as the phy-
sician gave it, with a statement of facts which
rendered the telegram a very long one. As Lord
Ulswater and Flora Hastings read the words,
hollily perched by the clerk in a large Roman
handwriting, their feelings differed widely. Flora's
conscience smote her. It was her impulsive act,
she knew, which had set poor Ruth at variance
with her brother; and her regret for her own
share in bringing about the catastrophe, bleed-
ing with her natural softness of heart made her
urgent that her lover should go. And Lord Uls-
water went.

It was with undignified reluctance that the
noble master of St. Pagan's obeyed the summons
that seemed so imperative to Miss Hastings. He
looked forward with a singular dislike to the in-
terview. All his life long, he had, as a matter
of instinct, rather than of principle, avoided dis-
agreeable scenes. To witness sufferings, was
always unpleasant to him, though he would
come suffering without scruple, when it was
needful to his schemes. There are natures so
coarse and savage that the sight of something
in pain—an insect writhing at the foot of the
candle that has scorched its wings—an animal
wincing under blows—a child shrinking back
from the cruel hand that strikes it, unresist-
ing—is to them an amusement, a drama that
they can thoroughly understand and appreciate.
Lord Ulswater was not of this ignoble brother-
hood.

"What does she want? Why send for me?"
Tane ran his thoughts as he was driven rapidly
on the London terminus towards Morgan's
house. "She always detested me. I know that
very well. Poor thing, I owed her so ill will for
that. Personally, I rather liked her, but she
thwarted me, for all that. Ah! we must be
near the house now. And indeed the swift
wheels of the Hansom were now running silently

Spelling badly is defined by Punch, as
A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, J, K, L, M, N, O, P, Q, R, S, T, U, V, W, X, Y, Z.

over a thick bed of straw that strewn the white Belgravia square for half its length. It was on Ruth's account that the straw lay there. Immediately after the sound of the wheels upon the road had been a changed for silence, the cab stopped at the door of a large house, more pretentious and roomy than its fellows, which are nevertheless among the best appointed of London mansions. There was a brougham in waiting at the door—a doctor's brougham, plainly.

The muffled knocker gave forth but a dull, dead sound; but the hall porter was wakeful, and the visitor expected, and Lord Uswater was admitted at once. How was Miss Morgan now? he asked as he entered the hall, where two footmen in the gorgeous Morgan livery, with the new Morgan crest glittering golden on their coat buttons, appeared like superb tropical birds from amongst the pillars. The hall porter, short, corpulent, and ungainly, a sort of human snail in his apparel, with the privilege of not absolutely adhering to his beehive chair of office, shook his head.

"Very bad, my lord. Sir Joseph and Dr. Pilkington both up stairs—no, they are just coming down."

Very grave was Dr. Pilkington's face as he walked down the wide stairs, following Sir Joseph. The titled physician's countenance was decorously composed, but less solemn than that of his medical brother. Sir Joseph had acted as long as Lord Chamberlain to the King of Terrors, and politely escorted so many distinguished patients to the shores of Styx, that death and he were on terms of diplomatic courtesy. He did not know Lord Uswater, but Dr. Pilkington did; and there was an introduction, and a few words were spoken respecting the sufferer.

"Quite sensible, quite so, but very weak—entirely helpless; sinking palely, and not likely to live out the day, I am afraid," said Sir Joseph. "I shall hardly be able to call again, but Dr. Pilkington has been good enough to arrange to do so, towards evening. Good morning, my lord. Happy to have made your acquaintance—regret the melancholy occasion. Good bye!" And Sir Joseph got into his brougham, and was whisked off to feel the pulses of valentianous druggers lingering in London, because more than two months of watering place rents tasked a jointure severely; while Dr. Pilkington, who lived in a street a stone's throw distant, went home on foot.

"We thought the poor thing might have her way. We remonstrated, but the agitation of the debate was worse than anything. I need not ask you, my lord, to avoid irritating topics as much as possible," the junior physician had said.

The housekeeper, with a face of portentous length, came to conduct Lord Uswater to the sick girl's room. She, the housekeeper, had an odd look of being injured, and so had the porter and the giants in plush, and the maids who hovered like stormy petrels on the landing places above. Evidently, discipline was relaxed. Fortunately Morgan had bought the big house, and furnished it at huge cost, and remained and womaned it with prize footmen and prize maids, in anticipation of his bringing home Flora Hastings to his mistress; and now he was away, in *perpetua infidelium*, for years to come perhaps, and Ruth was dying, and the household would be obliged to wear black, and as likely as not the grand house would be shut up, and the servants discharged. Hence there was discontent in Belgravia mansion, from the house steward's room to the cellars.

In the darkened room, with the curtains of the old porty undrawn, lay Ruth Morgan, propped up with pillows that were little whiter than the wan face that lay so quietly upon them. She stirred at the sound of Lord Uswater's entrance into that hushed chamber, and her eyes, always bright and large, now brighter and larger than ever, met his.

"It was kind of you to come," she said, in her thin voice, and then glanced round at the nurse sitting in the arm chair. "Please, go away," she said. "Wait in the room beyond, while I speak to Lord Uswater. He will call you if I am ill."

Reluctantly, the woman obeyed. "You must not agitate yourself," said Lord Uswater gently, going up to the bedside as the weak hand beckoned him to approach; "you are not strong enough for much conversation now."

She looked strangely at him with her haunting eyes, in which there was a light that seemed not of earth, a light from far off, as if it were a spirit that looked upon him.

"Do you talk platitudes?" she asked, calmly, but in a voice as feeble as the piping of the wind among the reeds of a river. He would have spoken, but she signed to him to be still. "Yes," she said, slowly, "that is the way in which the healthy cheat the dying. We must not speak of our hopes and our fears; we must not tell our thoughts, or reveal the doubt that is gnawing at our hearts, as we drift away from the world of the living. We must wait to be well again. To-morrow, my voice will be hushed, and my ears deaf, and my eyes sightless. To-morrow, I shall be dumb and dead. I see by your face that you know it almost as well as I."

He stood gloomily silent, looking down upon her. A wonderful contrast was that between the poor crooked girl, with the face of an angel, lying on her death-bed, and painfully gathering her breath as she could speak again, and Lord Uswater, gifted with the strength and beauty of a demigod, bending down his stately head to catch the words that those pale lips could hardly utter.

"You know what has happened—my brother I mean," she said, feebly; and he made a sign that he understood her.

"I assure you that I very much regret—" he began, but her mournful eyes froze him into silence. "Do not take the trouble to speak compliments to me!" said the weak little voice. "I know now sincere are your regrets. I did not need for you to hear polite words that mean nothing but emptiness." There was a silence, and then Ruth Morgan spoke again. "You are going to marry Flora; have you the right to do so?" She looked searchingly in his face, while thus speaking, with her unnaturally bright eyes.

"How the right?" he said wonderingly. "Is there nothing on your soul, nothing on your conscience, that should forbid you to stand at the altar by innocent Flora's side?" the invalid asked, with an eagerness that was almost fierce—"no crime, no shame? Tell me!" Her wasted fingers closed on his wrist as he bent over the bed.

"I think you mistake me," he said, faltering a little. "Men are not so good as women; I know

that very well. But I do not see that I am worse than my neighbors."

She looked intently up at him. "You quibble with me and trick me wilfully," she said. "I ask you, for Flora's sake, whom I have freely forgiven, though it is through her act that I lie here and die, alone among strangers, with my brother's words of hate ringing in my ears—I ask you, have you the right to marry that poor girl your wife? Are you not married already?"

He drew a long breath of relief. He had been singularly moved during this last speech of poor Ruth's, and his features, commonly so calm, had betrayed his agitation.

"No," he answered; "on my soul, I am not! Your suspicions have wronged me."

His eyes never left his face for an instant. "I may have wronged you in that," she said; "you have enough to answer for without that. You were the Monk?"

"How? what do you mean?" he asked, starting as if he had received a blow.

"You know my meaning all too well," Ruth answered in her hollow gasping voice. "For your own wicked ends, you profited by the superstition of others. It was no shadowy apparition that haunted the ancient abbey when your brother and your nephew made way so conveniently for your ownership of all."

"Some one has been maligning me very much, I perceive," said Lord Uswater, whose fair face was fast growing white, and hard like marble. The dying girl's weak grasp upon his arm seemed to tighten, as if she feared he would tear himself away.

"You mistake," she said; "I alone guessed the truth. Kind Lady Harriet, herself unconscious of what she did, gave me a clue, and your own deeds, and words, and your own face, confirmed conjecture into certainty. No one can wear a visor always, not even you. The spectral form that your brother saw, and which his morbid mind accepted as a token of approaching war, the cowed shadow that was visible on the night of the child her's sudden death, was—"

"I cannot bear this," broke out Lord Uswater, with abrupt rage; "these are mere ravings," and he tore his hand away from her grasp of a serpent's clammy coil.

"I am not your judge," said Ruth, feebly, but with a solemn emphasis that brought him back, attentive, to the bedside. "Ask your own evil heart if you should marry guiltless Flora Hastings. Is it her I seek to save. Not for my brother's sake," she added, eagerly; "between those two all is over. I wish to save her from you—that is all."

"You are very complimentary," sneered Lord Uswater, stung to sudden rage, and with eyes that darkened to blackness. "I tell you that I will marry her—and would, were the fiend himself to forbid the ban."

"They will be forbidden!" said Ruth, fearlessly, and with such entire conviction, that a sudden chill ran through the veins of the listener, as through those of one who follows a mountain path by night, and steps forth upon the dizzy verge of a precipice.

"Listen! the invalid went on, in lower and more broken accents than before—"listen! I would warn you—I—it was a dream." Her panting breath failed her, and her slender fingers, white as wax, began to grasp uneasily at the bed clothes. It was a bad sign, as Lord Uswater knew.

"Let me call the nurse," he said; "you are too ill."

But she made a great effort, and spoke again:

"No, no. Let me tell you—I saw in my dream a woman, young, dark, beautiful with a fierce beauty, a woman who could hate as well as love—such a face as that of Jael slaying Sisera—she who was Guy Carnac's nurse, and your accomplice in the crime—"

"You never saw her!" cried Lord Uswater, charging color, and forgetful of the dreadful confession implied in that rash speech.

But Ruth took no notice of what he said. Her voice was now so low that he had to stoop to catch the faint sounds. "How dark the room is! Night must be coming on, soon, sooner than I thought." Such were the broken words that reached his ear as he bent over her helpless form. Her head lay back upon the pillows; an awful grayness of face, more ghastly than the white pallor of a moment's insensibility, crept over the sufferer's face, and her bright eyes were clouded, as if an actual film, like that which overspreads the eyes of a dying bird, had been closing over them. She did not appear to have heard Lord Uswater's last words. Her fingers twitched the bed clothes with a convulsive quickness. "I cannot see your face. I feel your hand in mine, but it is very cold, like ice to the touch—or perhaps it is I who am cold," went on the poor weak voice, while the laboring breath came more painfully yet.

"Let me tell you—of my dream—she, the dark haired woman, and you were there—and there was blood everywhere around on the walls, on the floor, always blood—and—" The speaker ceased to speak. A quick, sharp shiver ran through every limb of the helpless, passive form, the outline of which was vaguely to be distinguished beneath the bed clothes. But Lord Uswater gave no heed to the new sign that Astar! was upon the threshold of the chamber; in his impatience to hear more, he bowed his head and listened. No sound reached him but that of the feeble breathing.

"Whose was the blood? Did it flow from her veins or mine?" he asked, stern and eager in his selfishness. He was not a believer in dreams, as some men are; but the superstition that lurks in some corner of all our hearts was suddenly aroused in him, and he was sincere in his passionate wish to hear all. His words were so loudly spoken that they reached the nurse in the room beyond, causing her to open the door, and peer anxiously in; they also reached the ears of the poor creature on the bed, ears that had begun to be deaf to earthly sounds.

"The blood, it rose and swelled into a torrent, angry red—it was a river of blood, and there were corpses floating on it," said Ruth, stretching out her hands as if to grope for some object which her failing eyes could not perceive; "and he, he tried to flee as it rolled in upon him—but the woman with the dark hair, she streamed and dabbled with gore—she clung to him, and dragged him down, beneath the red flood—and—" "Oh, it was terrible!" Another shudder, sharper than the last, and then the hands fell powerless on the bed clothes, and the head sank back upon the pillow.

The nurse hurried forward.

"It's over, poor, dear young thing—the more shame on those that made her talk and fret that way!" exclaimed the woman, with an

angry tone of her head at the importunate visitor.

"She has fainted!" Lord Uswater said in a startled tone, recoiling a step.

"She's dead, poor lamb!" partly rejoined the experienced nurse, as she closed the sightless eyes, and threw a handkerchief over the blanched face.

Lord Uswater turned away. He had need of all his self-possession to enable him to go calmly down stairs, to announce to the housekeeper, pointing to the interdicted room, that all was over, to give a fitting reply to the conventional exclamations of the servants, and to leave the house. The angel of death was there, and Ruth's will warning had sunk deeper into his heart than he cared to own, even to himself.

CHAPTER XLIII.

BROUGHT BACK TO GRIFF'S.

"It's a well. Depend upon it, Loys, my girl, the race of a doctor was merely gammoning you, and playing a double game, in my Lord's interest—" James Sark said, gloomily looking up from the little model, an improvement on the machinery in general use for quartz-crushing purposes among the Australian gold fields, on which his dexterous fingers were busy.

His wife did not allow him to conclude the sentence. "No, no, Jim—thousand times no. The men was in a better earnest. He is a sour, van, discontented sort of a man—I remember him of old—and Mr. Carnac has settled his pride somehow. Glad as Mr. Marsh is for gain, I'm much mistaken if he would not rather lose some money than play a spiteful trick to—"

"There I can't bear to speak his name so often," said James Sark, with a marked difference between these two as regarded their manner of alluding to the owner of St. Pagan's, for whereas Loys's wife never uttered his name without a sparkle of anger kindling itself in her lustre eyes, and a scowl of wrathful color flitting up into her dark pale cheek, and a trembling in her rich voice that conveyed a threat, James the husband spoke of the common enemy with a philosophical indifference; and yet the returned transport had a reputation for a hot temper and a readiness to reward good with good, and harm with harm.

But James Sark, although he now knew a good deal of what Lord Uswater had done and planned in his detestable, spoke of him with an easy indifference that contrasted oddly with the vindictiveness that expressed itself in his wife's looks and tones. Something of this jarred upon the woman's sensitive nature, for she suddenly exclaimed: "It seems to me, James, you don't half hate that man."

To which James, smiling good-humoredly this time, glanced up from the wheels and rollers of his model at her flushed face. "Well, not very much," he said gently. "I know he's a great scoundrel, but then there are such a lot of scoundrels, big and little, about the world. I don't hate him more than any other chap who has done me an ill turn, for his own profit, you know, not out of malice."

Loys drummed an angry tune with her foot upon the floor. "To tell you, Jim—to betray you, like that, by the help of a rogue attorney, and get you transported, was that kind?"

Sark, very busy with his file upon a refractory crank, did not answer for a minute or so. Then he said, without looking up: "To tell the truth, that news was a relief to me. It always went against me to plot, and scheme, and circumvent a gentleman that had done me a bit of kindness, even for his own sake. Now I know Lawyer Moss and he were in league to trap me, why, we are quits, and something more."

"You forget, Jim, my dear, I was innocent before he tempted me, except that he is!" exclaimed Loys in a harsh, deep tone that had no music in it, and she fixed her dark eyes upon the floor.

Her husband quietly laid aside his tools, rose, and throwing his arm around her, drew her graceful head down upon his breast. "No one has a right to point a finger at you now, darling," he said, with a world of kindly and generous feeling in his good-humored voice and his bright smile, and the very action of the caressing hand that was passed softly over her glossy tresses of black hair. "You are a good and a true wife to me, and the best thing you can do is to blot out all those dark memories of a past that you have done with for ever. No, even for that, I can't hate the man much, because, who knows, my dear, if you had had nothing to repent of, nothing to confess, if you would ever have consented to marry such a good-for-nothing ne'er-do-well as myself—and to be the sunshine of his life?"

There was a long interval of silence, and then Loys shyly lifted her dark eyes and glanced up in her husband's face, and reading there nothing but love and confidence, flung herself sobbing into his arms, and pressed her tear-stained cheek to his. "It's not sorrow now, dear," she cried, "but because I love you so much, my generous good Jim, and I wish—how I wish—" The wish was unspoken, but the tears rained down fast, and were understood. It did seem a pity, to watch those two young persons, so truly and fondly faithful to one another, between whom there never passed cutting words or looks of unkindness, such as tarnish Love's wreath, and dim Hymen's torch sadly, in many a honest household—it did seem a pity that there should be a warfare with the world and the world's law, a sinful past, a clouded future. In each there were the elements of much that was good, and even great. Both were by nature more inclined to virtue than to vice, but in both there had been a restless impatience of control that had wrought fearfully for evil. It may be permitted to imagine some Utopia in which James Sark and Loys Fleming, innocent and hopeful, should have met, and loved, and wedded, and led lives of honorable usefulness to themselves and to the world, and died with the affection, and respect, and esteem of rich and poor surrounding them to the last. But they had done amiss, and they found repentance difficult, and the track that should lead them back towards the Dissectable Mountains was not seen as yet.

They sat, after this, talking more cheerfully for a while. They had many half-formed plans, but not one that would bear the test of examination. Both of them sincerely longed to eat honest bread, to earn an honest livelihood, and sit to more. The man had great talents and cleverness. Were he but honest, surely he might thrive, and James Sark felt that he had it in him to be honest, if the world would but give him a chance. To get that chance was the difficulty, for the world had been duped pretty often by sham penitents, and by dupes whose repentance was but skin deep, and hence it has taken to receiving promises of future good behavior with frowning unbelief. James Sark, though a young man yet, was an old offender, and the reformation of old offenders is a hard

matter, as all chaplains and governors of model prisons are aware.

"America would be the best chance," said Dandy Jim at last—"the best chance. I could get employ at once in a Pennsylvania factory, as draughtsman or as engineer; or I might do well in New York or in Boston, and earn enough to live on; but I know Yankee Doodle pretty well, Loys, and I know that there's no country in which a bit of capital to start with is more useful to a man. Dollars grow dollars somehow, when the owner's neither a dupe nor a drunkard. If we had but that hundred pounds that you were so sure Lord Uswater—"

"Don't, James, call him that. You know he's no lord, if justice were done," interrupted Loys, but less petulantly than before; "and as for Mr. Carnac's sending the money to Perth, you may be sure he did send it. What is a hundred pounds out of his ill-got thousands and thousands. The only question is, will Palmer Brothers send it on safe, according to your instructions?"

This delicate point was discussed for some time, and finally settled in the affirmative. Palmer Brothers belonged to that section of commercial firms that may be said to dwell in glass-houses, and which, to carry out the metaphor, cannot afford to indulge in perilous stone-throwing.

Palmer Brothers had two sets of books and two trades, the more gainful and secret of which it was expedient to keep from the knowledge of the authorities; and James Sark, could have told tales that Palmer Brothers would have kept untold at any reasonable cost; wherefore they were tolerably certain to prove discreet and immaculate custodians of Lord Uswater's remittance. With that hundred pounds, when it should come back from its voyage to the antipodes, this pair of modern Ishmaelites could try their fortune in the New World.

The newer world of Australia would have been better still for their purpose, but then there was that condemnation and unexpired term of penal servitude to bar the way. It was a risk. Jim might do well in Victoria, make money, be returned to the Legislative Assembly, and dine with Her Majesty's representative at Government House. Or, recognized by some untoward policeman, he might come too early under the notice of the colonial Attorney-General, and be sent back, in irons and a yellow jacket, to complete his sentence. America was safer. But a disturbing element in the calculation was the possible course of him whom Loys persisted in mentioning as John Carnac, and never as Lord Uswater.

The notion that Mr. Marsh was merely an agent of Lord Uswater's, and that his mission to London was in truth to discover Sark's hiding-place, and procure his arrest, had naturally suggested itself to the latter. One circumstance certainly went far towards confirming this hypothesis: Mr. Marsh had broken his pledge. The appointment to meet Loys and her husband behind the wood-piles at the river-side had not been kept. The husband and wife had gone to the rendezvous, and had waited there for hours and hours in vain. Nothing had been seen of the Shelton doctor. Had he been taken ill? Was he unavoidably prevented from coming to the place agreed upon? Or was he a spy, and his grudge against Lord Uswater a mere feint? Jim opined to the latter conclusion. Not so, however, did Loys. Women are naturally, perhaps, more disposed to suspicion than men are, but in this case Loys held fast to her conviction, that the surgeon hated his former patron with a strong hate. She had heard him speak; she had seen the working of his features as he talked of Lord Uswater; she was sure that he had not been acting a part, sure that he spoke sincerely. But it was very strange that he did not come to the wood-pile on the wharf, he who had been so eager to press matters on to a crisis. Why had he broken his word?

"We were late, you know, Jim—late by half an hour or more. He was always a touchy, fretful man. Perhaps he got out of temper, and went away," suggested Loys at last.

James Sark shook his head. "Men that are in earnest don't stick at such trifles," he said; "I am afraid he means us no good, lassie. If one knew where he lodged, now—"

"But I do know," cried Loys, clapping her hands as a child might have done. "He said he should go back to— I had it on my very tongue but a moment since, and now I can't remember it. Isn't it provoking?" and the bright smile on her lips died away.

"Try—try to recollect it," urged her husband. But memory is a nymph whose limble feet dally pursuit, as they dart amid the mazes of her own labyrinth. Nothing is more annoying than to feel how near is the lost fact, and yet to hunt for it in vain. Cudge our tired brains as we will, we strive in vain. There stands poor Cassim—good Ali Baba's unworthy brother—at the iron door of the robbers' treasure cave, and he tears his turban, and beats his breast, and bawls out the names of millet, and durrus, and rice, and all grains but sesame, and the cruel door will not open. Lo! there it stands, fixed as fate, and already steeds come trampling and neighing through the woods, and scimitars shine, and the gang come riding home to cut Cassim into quarters.

But when we give up the chase, and the bow of thought is unstrung, and we are slowly wending our way homewards, back comes the coy nymph, Memory, tripping to our side, a willing captive. Unbidden, the recollection came to Loys, about the time when the lamps were lighted, and the evening twilight had closed in. "Grupp's!" she cried suddenly, springing up and clapping her hands as joyously as before—"Grupp's—that is the name. It comes back to me clearly now. Mr. Marsh mentioned that name and no other."

Reference to a yellow-bound copy of *Broad Sheet* that lay in a corner of the room disclosed the further fact, as advertised by Grupp, that the private hotel and boarding-house of that name was situated in Arundel Street.

"Arundel Street is not a very great way off," said Dandy Jim good-humoredly, laying down his newspaper. "Put your bonnet on, Loys, and we'll go round there together and ask a quiet question or two."

Ten minutes later, the pair sallied out into the yellow lamplight and the struggling gleam of the dying day. They were soon in Arundel Street. Within twenty steps of Grupp's door, Loys suddenly stopped, and the hand that rested on her husband's sinewy arm trembled as she clung to him. "Jim!" she exclaimed, "I hear something—a noise of voices, and here come men hurrying. O, Jim, dear, it's not for myself I am frightened, but for you, dear." She stood gazing with dilated eyes at a small crowd hurrying, clamorous, up from the river-side.

Sark was perfectly cool. "There's no fear—"

these are not police. Some accident. Stand back, my girl, and let them pass," he said; and Loys, still trembling, obeyed. She was as brave as a lioness, this woman, when her own safety was in question, but she was cowardly for those she loved. She soon saw that her husband was right.

On they came, a large group rather than a mob, composed chiefly of rough water-side men and boys, with a sprinkling of women and shrill children hanging on the skirts of the crowd. In the centre were four men, two of whom belonged to the Thames police, bearing on their shoulders, on a stretcher, something—something covered up—something that was wet and slimy beneath the tarpaulin that screened it, and from which trickled down muddy little rills of river-water, making pools upon the gritty pavement. Fifty voices were to be heard all at once, shouting, speaking, or swelling an inarticulate sort of roar, as the stretcher was borne on.

"Here it is, policeman, here it is!" cried several of the better informed, pointing to Grupp's lamp and Grupp's brass-plate, and Grupp's door. The stretcher and its burden came to a halt there. They hardly knew why they did so, Loys and her husband, but they pushed on, allowing a way through the bystanders, to the front.

"What is it?"

That was a welcome question, to which answers could not be lacking.

"A bad job!"

"Found in the river!"

"Gentleman murdered!"

"Staying, it's supposed, at Grupp's."

"Grupp's card found in his pocket!"

"Drowned, I say!"

"Not a bit of it, stupid. Skull smashed in with a hammer, sir, most dreadful. Drowned, indeed!"

And the crowd took up the word "murdered," and rolled it over their tongues, and banded it to and fro with much zeal and infinite relief.

With all her faults, Loys was womanly, and she had none of that ghoul-like taste for the horrible, merely because it is horrible, which is so potent with the coarser of her sex. She tried, therefore, to draw back from the bearers and their fearful load, into the close neighborhood of which she had been thrust by the pressure of the fast increasing crowd, now swelled by reinforcements from the swarming Strand above. But to break through what was fast becoming a wall of human bings, was not an easy task; and she turned her face, involuntarily, round, and gave a suppressed shriek, unheeded in the midst of the general outcry and babble. She pressed her husband's arm: "Look, Jim, look!"

James Sark did look; and what James Sark saw was an ugly and gruesome sight to see. Grupp, and Grupp's wife, and the barmid, chamber-maid, waiter, and all that ate Grupp's bread, and owed him allegiance, had come out to the door, vehemently to protest against the entry of that ghastly guest. How, Grupp demanded, was he to know whether the gent. ever had been a customer of his? Was he bound, he should like to be told, to take in all the corpses and drowned dead bodies of no one knew who, that the Thames police might fish up out of the river. Only tell Grupp that. For there were no negro slaves in this free country; and an Englishman's house was his castle; and he, Grupp, would not be ridden roughshod over by living or dead. All which sentiments Grupp's wife, daughter, and female retainers shrilly chorused.

To convince incredulous Grupp, the tarpaulin was taken off, and the body revealed, a proceeding which elicited a rush and a deep drawing of breath from the mob, as if it had been the transformation scene of a pantomime. The yellow gauntlet fell on the white, upturned, sightless face of the dead man. A grim spasmic smile was, as the curious eyes of the bystanders saw him, by that wavering light. There was slime and mud on his wet garments, and in his matted black hair; and there were dark stains and clots of something that was more like a dull crimson cement than anything else. The head was bare, and it was evident that the whole crown of the skull had been smashed and battered in by the blows of some sharp and heavy instrument—the same, no doubt, that had gashed the forehead so fearfully, below the left temple.

Grupp looked, and grew a little more allow than before, as if the sight gave him a qualm.

"You can bring it in," he said reluctantly, "he did lodge here. His luggage, such as it is, is upstairs yet. Bring him in as quiet as you can. There'll be noise enough as it fuss enough at the light."

Loys leaned heavily on her husband's arm. "Take me home, James," she said; "this is dreadful. Is the doctor himself, poor wretch?"

"What doctor?" asked Jim. "Sarkly not!"

"Mr. Marsh; it's he that's murdered," whispered Loys with white lips; and as the crowd slowly broke up, she and her husband went home.

Loys was not mistaken: the Shelton surgeon, and no other, was that silent guest that had just been brought back to Grupp's.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

How Some Things are Done in Boston.

A Western man gives an interesting account of his experience at a Boston hotel under the anti-liquor law.

Guest arrives at his favorite hotel, and applies at the bar in the basement—behind which stands, as usual, a suave attendant—for a glass of whiskey.

"Can sell you nothing to drink at this bar, sir."

"Do you mean to say I can't get nothing to drink?"

"Perhaps you had better apply at the lunch counter, opposite, sir."

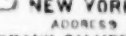
The guest, rather annoyed, crosses the room, and repeats his request.

"We can only give you lunch, sir. Have a sandwich?"

The truth beginning to dawn upon the bewildered occidental, he assents, and orders a sandwich; obtains his whiskey, or whatever drink his fancy prefers, with that modest viand; enjoys his perpendicular drink, and probably leaves his sandwich untouched, to be sold to drowsy customers like himself, in succession; each, however, paying an extra five cents for the slice of meat, bread and butter, a tribute to the majesty of the law in Massachusetts.

Philadelphia taxpayers may well be frightened at the tax bill for next year which is now looming up before them. Property this year is assessed at the supposed marketable value, which at a threatened rate of \$1.50 on the hundred dollars will add about fifty per cent. to the present taxes.

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WIT AND HUMOR.

Another Drink.

Some years ago, when the total abstinence excitement was at its height, and the Maine Liquor Law was the great social question of the day, writes a correspondent, I called upon George Kendall, of the New Orleans Post, at the office of the Brothers Harper, then in Cliff Street. George was running his new book on Mexico through their press at the time, and having been acquainted with the brothers for many years previously, was of course on the most intimate terms with all of them.

James, the Mayor, was at the time a leading apostle in the temperance cause, and used occasionally to rally George upon what he thought to be evidence of an undue bibulous propensity. "Your face looks rather reddish this morning, George; I'm afraid you indulge." Which Kendall certainly did; but always in moderation—never to any thing like excess.

After sitting a few moments, George said to his younger brother, Fletcher:

"Fletcher, where's Jim? where's the Mayor? I want to see him."

"He's in the library room," replied Fletcher, "entertaining a committee of aid women from the Martha Washington Temperance Society. They hold a meeting at the Tabernacle to-morrow night and the Mayor is going to preside."

"Good!" said George; "I'll go right in and see him." "Come, Clark," added Kendall, "let us see how the City's Chief Magistrate looks in council."

George rapped at the door.

"Come in," answered the Mayor.

Kendall opened the door slowly, as if in hesitation, glanced askance at the eight or ten old women, winked knowingly to the Mayor, and then said, with an inimitable maudlin Jimmy Twitchee air—

"Jim, let us go and take another drink!"

It is not often that any one can fluster James Harper; but "you better believe" he was flustered on this occasion. He looked horror-stricken at the very idea, as he returned the astonished gaze of the ladies. "Another drink!" as if they had already had one together, early as it was in the morning!

Last summer, I saw George on his return from Paris. We reminded upon this incident, and Kendall said—

"I have never heard anything from Jim from that day to this about my indulging."

"A Better Thing."

A few days since a friend of ours, (says the Placerville Courier) who was returning from a tour of inspection in the hills near town, overtook a small boy who asked his protection, fearing that some of his school mates were going to flog him. Being assured of protection, the little fellow became quite talkative, and rattled away about various things until they reached the post office. Our friend entered and inquired for a letter, and as he stepped from the window, the little boy walked up and said, "Please, sir, is there any letters to-day for Miss—?" The following conversation then ensued: "Who is Miss—?" "Oh, she's my sister; I get a letter for her almost every day." "Who writes to her so often, my little fellow?" "Oh, her lovers—she's got lots of 'em." "How old is your sister?" "She's over nineteen, or twenty." "Why, my little fellow, your sister is old enough to marry." "Oh, she's got a better thing than that. She's got lots of beaux, and she bought some new dresses, and one of them was yellow, and when one of her fellows came to go walking she put the yellow dress on to make him think she was jealous; and then sometimes when some of the others come, she puts on a red dress." "Why does she put on the red dress?" "Because, you see, that means love." "Is your sister handsome?" "I guess you'd think so if you'd see the lots of fellows that's after her." At this stage of the conversation our friend parted company with his communicative companion, and entering a saloon, drank to the miss who had a "better thing" than marrying, and succeeded to her many suitors.

Not a Reverend.

When Mr. Tilton lectured here a couple of years ago, before the Young Men's Association, he was introduced to the audience as "Reverend Theodore Tilton." He "turned" the mistake over to the gentleman who introduced him as follows:

"Ladies and gentlemen, the gentleman who has been announced for the lecture this evening is not here to-night. I think you will never have the pleasure of listening to him—he never gets so far West. On one occasion a good lady had Charles Lamb for a guest at dinner, with several other literary characters. His white necktie and serious countenance caused his hostess to imagine that he was a very devout man. So when the guests were seated at the table, she said—

"Mr. Lamb, will you say grace?"

"Lamb trembled, and looked around at the guests.

"Is there no ecclesiastical present?" he asked.

"None, I believe," replied the lady.

"I'll let us thank God, then," was the meek response, as Lamb bowed reverently over his plate."

The audience did not allow Mr. Tilton to proceed for several minutes.—*Duluth Times.*

A COMPLICATION OF DISORDERS.—A country apothecary was observed by a friend to be in the habit of drawing all medicine vials returned to him by patients into one large bottle which stood upon his counter. Wondering what could be his object in accumulating this strange mixture, the friend one day interrogated him on the point. "Surely," he said, "you can have no use for a mess like that." "My dear fellow," replied the apothecary, "that is the most scientific medicine I've got in my shop. Simple medicines are very well for simple complaints; but that's the stuff for a patient with a complication of disorders."

MUSICAL CATECHISM.—What is a rest? Going out of the choir for a rest during sermon time. What is called singing with an "understanding"? Marking time on the floor with your foot. What is a staccato movement? Leaving the choir in a huff because one is dissatisfied with the leader.

What is a swell? A professor of music who pretends to know everything about the science, while he cannot conceal his ignorance.



GARDENING FOR JUNE.

Croquet begins to crop up—Custies require training.

Didn't Want Curlew.

The Salt Lake Vidette says: A wayfarer dropped into the Occidental hotel in this place, on Tuesday, to get a square meal. Having planted himself in a chair at one of the tables, he was confronted by the waiter with: "What'll you have?" The hungry one fastened his eyes on the attaché case and said, "What have you got that's good?" "O, we've roast beef, corn beef, roast mutton, boiled mutton, fried ham and boiled curlew!" "What is curlew?" said the stranger. "Curlew?—why, curlew is a bird something like a snipe." "Did it fly?" "Yes." "Did it have wings?" "Yes." "Then I don't want any curlew; anything that had wings, and could fly, and didn't leave this cursed country, I don't want for dinner." We should judge from this incident that Salt Lake City was not an inviting place to tarry in.

Once, when Charles Lamb was abusing somebody or other, he was asked if he knew the person he was attacking: "Know him?" was the answer: "Of course I do not; if I did, I should be sure to like him."

AGRICULTURAL.

The Robin.

At a meeting of the Boston Society of Natural History a communication was read from Professor Treadwell, of Cambridge, giving a detailed account of the feeding and growth of this bird during a period of thirty-two days, commencing with the 5th of June. The following is the substance of this report:

When caught, the two were quite young, their tail feathers being less than an inch in length, and the weight of each about twenty-five pennyweights—less than half the weight of the full-grown birds: both were plump and vigorous, and had evidently been very recently turned out of the nest. He began feeding them with earthworms, giving three to each bird that night. The second day, he gave them ten worms each, which they ate ravenously. Thinking this beyond what their parents could naturally supply them with, he limited them to this allowance. On the third day, he gave them eight worms each in the forenoon; but in the afternoon he found one becoming feeble, and it soon lost its strength, refused food, and died. On opening it, he found the proventriculus, gizzard, and intestines entirely empty, and concluded therefore that it died from want of sufficient food; the effect of hunger being increased, perhaps, by the cold, as the thermometer was about sixty degrees.

The other bird, still vigorous, he put in a warmer place, and increased its food, giving it the third day fifteen worms, on the fourth day twenty-four, on the fifth twenty-five on the sixth thirty, and on the seventh thirty-one worms. They seemed insufficient, and the bird appeared to be losing plumpness and weight. He began to weigh both the bird and its food, and the results were given in a tabular form. On the fifteenth day, he tried a small quantity of raw meat, and, finding it readily eaten, increased it gradually, to the exclusion of worms. With this bird ate a large quantity of earth and gravel, and drank freely after eating. By the table, it appears that though the food was increased to forty worms, weighing twenty pennyweights, on the eleventh day the weight of the bird rather fell off, and it was not until the fourteenth day, when he ate sixty-eight worms, or thirty-four pennyweights, that he began to increase. On this day, the weight of the bird was twenty-four pennyweights, he therefore ate for some percent more than his own weight in twelve hours, weighing after it twenty-nine pennyweights, or fifteen percent less than the food he had eaten in that time. The length of these worms, if laid end to end, would be about fourteen feet, or ten times the length of the intestine.

To meet the objection, that the earthworm contains but a small quantity of nutritious matter, on the twenty-seventh day he was fed exclusively on clear beef, in quantity twenty-seven pennyweights. At night, the bird weighed fifty-two pennyweights, but little more than twice the amount of flesh consumed during the day, not taking into account the water and earth swallowed. This presents a wonderful contrast with the amount of food required by the cold-blooded vertebrates, fishes, and reptiles, many of which can live for months without food, and also with that required by mammals. Man, at this rate, would eat about seventy pounds of flesh a day, and drink five or six gallons of water.

The question immediately presents itself, How can this immense amount of food, required by the young birds, be supplied by the parents? Suppose a pair of old robins, with the usual number of four young ones. These would require, according to the consumption of this bird, two hundred and fifty worms, or their equivalent in insect or other food, daily. Suppose the parents to work ten hours, or six hundred

minutes, to procure this supply; this would be a worm to every two and two-fifths minutes; or each parent must procure a worm or its equivalent in less than five minutes during ten hours, in addition to the food required for its own support.

After the thirty-second day, the bird had attained its full size, and was entrusted to the care of another person during his absence of eighteen days. At the end of that period, the bird was strong and healthy, with no increase of weight, though its feathers had grown longer and smoother. Its food had been weighed daily, and averaged fifteen pennyweights of weight, two or three earthworms, and a small quantity of bread each day, the whole being equal to eighteen pennyweights of meat, or thirty-six pennyweights of earthworms; and it continued up to the time of the presentation of the report. The bird having continued in confinement, with certainly much less exercise than in the wild state, to eat one-third of its weight in clear fresh daily, the Professor concludes that the food it consumed when young was not much more than must always be provided by the parents of wild birds. The food was never passed undigested; the excretions were made up of gravel and dirt, and a small quantity of meat-solid urine.

He thought that every admirer of trees may derive from these facts a lesson, showing the immense power of birds to destroy the insects by which our trees, especially our apple trees, elms, and lindens, are every year stripped of their foliage, and often many of them killed.

Fever and Fruit.

Let's have a little talk about orchards and gardens as life-prosperers. Many a farmer thinks he "can't fuss about a garden," with vegetables and small fruits in ample variety, hardly about an orchard, especially beyond apple trees. So he goes on to weightier matters of grain, or stock, or dairy, and eats potatoes, wheat bread, pork and salt beef all summer long; no fine variety of vegetables, no grating berries, no luscious peaches, or juicy cherries. By October, fever comes, or bowel complaints of some kind, or some congestive trouble, most likely. He is laid up; work stops a month, the doctor comes, and he "drags round" all winter, and the doctor's bill drags too. The poor wife, meanwhile, gets dyspeptic, constipated, has fever too, perhaps, and she "just crawls round." What's the matter? They don't know, poor souls. Would they build a hot fire in July and shut the doors? Of course not—in their rooms; but they have done just that in their poor stomachs. How so? They have been eating all summer the heat-producing food fit for a cool season, but not for a warm one. A Greenland can eat cabbages and white-fat, because they create heat. In January we are up toward Greenland—in climate. A Hindoo lives on rice, juicy fruits, and tropic vegetables, cooling and opening to the system. In July we move toward Hindostan, in a heat almost tropical. Diet must change too. Have apples, pears, cherries, etc., from orchard every day, of early and late kinds. Let there be plenty of good vegetables, raspberries, strawberries, etc. It takes a little time and trouble, but it's the cheapest way to pay the doctor's bills. And bless your dear souls, these things taste good! You study what feed is good for pigs and cattle. All right; but wife and children are of higher consequence; and it's a shame if, with all our great gifts of intellect and intuition, we do not obey the divine laws in our own physical being so well that the doctor shall visit the house less than the horse doctor goes to the barn. Don't fail of vegetables, berries, and fruits. Try it, and you'll say we haven't told half the truth.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Items for Ploughmen.

1. While ploughing always carry a wrench along that will fit every nut in your plough. In order to do this take the leather from an old boot leg and tack it on the handle of your plough so as to make a pocket just large enough to admit the wrench.

2. When you put on a new point don't let out your whole strength in screwing up the nut. It only wants to be snug. A hard point may be strained so as to break when it strikes the first stone.

3. A long evener makes a plough take more land than a short one.

4. A plough will not run true if the wheel is worn so it wobbles. To prevent this wobbling and will keep the old wheel a while longer, take a rubber of sufficient thickness and lay it inside the hub or around the axle.

J. W. BROWN, of Kensington, N. H., makes a calculation of the loss in ploughing an acre of land fourteen rods in length by turning the team at the ends. If the furrows are nine inches wide, it will require about four and two-thirds hours to turn the team at the ends. If the acre was fifty rods long, it would require only one and one-third hours to make the turns. He estimates the distance travelled in ploughing an acre at eleven and five-eighths miles.

Marketing Wool.

One of the leading farmers of Illinois, who appears occasionally in the *Prairie Farmer* as "Wool Grower," regards the present as one of the dark times for wool growers in that section. He says that all other branches of farming are paying better than this. He charges the wool commission houses of Chicago with operating against the interests of the grower and in favor of the manufacturer. Though written especially for farmers at the West, the following paragraphs may be read with interest by wool growers of other sections:

I say to wool growers, sell your own wool at your own barn if possible. Sell to a local dealer for three or four cents less than you think it worth, rather than get it stranded in a wool house. The best time to sell wool, nine times out of ten, is when the tide is up at shearing time. It scarcely ever lasts over a week or two, and if you let the opportunity slip you are compelled to ship, and then to commence that weary waiting which makes the heart sick. After the first tide ebb it is usually from four to six months before you can get even a nibble for wool, and then when you do effect a sale, by the time you deduct freight and commission, and insurance, and storage, and drayage, and sale tax, and re-sacking, and stevedores, and one-third off, and half off, and in some cases, all off, you will find that you might have sold at home from six to fifteen cents per pound more money.

The one great drawback to wool-growing in the United States is not dogs nor scab nor foot-rot, but the manner of marketing. There is no other staple agricultural product grown in our country, the purchasers of which are so few in number, and hence, able to make such soul-destroying combinations to affect prices, as wool. The manufacturers and their organs never let up during the entire circle of the year, from "bearing" the wool market. The buyers of grain are not always "bears," but there is always an equally smart lot of "bulls," which helps to keep grain somewhere near an equilibrium; but the purchasers of wool are always, and everywhere "bears."

RECIPTS.

APPLE VINEGAR.—Whenever apples are used in the family, boil the skins and cores in as little water as will cover them; sweeten slightly with the runnings of sweetmeats, and put it in a cask or jug; when making cider apple sauce, a half-barrel can be made with but little trouble. If apples are decaying, boil them up, strain the liquor, and make vinegar. It will take but little molasses to sweeten it.

PATE.—For a pate or game pie made with pigeons, or, which is excellent, with prairie hens, first clean thoroughly, and placing in the bakepan, put a piece of salt pork on the breast, and a little broth in the pan. Put in the oven and let it remain there an hour or an hour and a half. For the paste, take four ounces of flour, two butter, a pinch of salt, and almost half a gill of cold water, mixed to a paste. Roll out the paste, and line the sides and bottom of the mould with it. The bird is carved as if for a medium of broth and a bay leaf, and leaving a hole in the centre for the steam to escape and pass off. Cover the top with the yolk of an egg to color. It may be eaten hot or cold—cold for breakfast, lunch or supper, and can be made with butcher's meat. But veal is the best. Truffles may also be baked in a pate, using two ounces to a pound of meat—meat without any bones.

MACARONI.—Cut small pieces of carrot and turnip in water, with salt, &c., and boil gently till tender. Strain off the water through a colander. Put half a tablespoon of butter and flour in a pan on the fire; add half a gill of broth; turn in the carrot and turnip, and simmer a little.

TO KEEP TOMATOES.—Set them on the fire with a little salt, and reduce one half. Let it cool, and put it in earthen bottles. Cork, and tie down the corks. Set the bottles on the fire in cold water, and boil four hours. Take them off and let them cool in the water. Afterward keep the bottles in a dark place.

BAKED PEARS.—The common early pears are very good put into a jar without paring, and with a teaspoon of molasses to every two quarts of pears. No water is necessary. Bake them five or six hours. If you wish them more delicate, pare them, and put a teaspoon of sugar instead of molasses. The later and larger fall pears are very fine baked upon a tin; but most kinds of heavy winter pears cannot be baked so as to be tender.

ORANGE LEMONADE.—Take three China oranges, one large lemon, and two or three ounces of sugar; rub off some of the peel on to the sugar, squeeze out the juice, and pour on two pints of boiling water; mix the whole and strain.

SUPERIOR LEMONADE A LA FOYER.—Take the peel of six lemons, free from pith, cut it up in small pieces, and put it with two cloves into a bottle containing half a pint of hot water, place the bottle in a stewpan with boiling water, and let it stand by the side of a fire for one or two hours, taking care it does not boil; then take half a pint of lemon juice, half a pint of syrup, if none, use plain syrup, or sugar, in like proportion, adding a few drops of orange-flower water; add the infusion of the rind, which has been previously made, and allowed to become cold, stir well together, and add two quarts of cold water.

BARLEY LEMONADE.—Put a quarter of a pound of sugar into a small stewpan, with half a pint of water, which boil about ten minutes, or until forming a thickish syrup; then add the rind of a fresh lemon and the pulp of two; let it boil two minutes longer, when add two quarts of barley water, made without sugar and lemon; boil five minutes longer, pass it through a hair sieve into a jug, which cover with paper, making a hole in the centre to let the heat through; when cold it is ready for use; if put cold into a bottle, and well corked down, it will keep good several days.

LEMON CAKE.—One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, beaten to a froth, one or two lemons, four eggs, one cup of milk, four cups of flour, one teaspoon of soda.

BUTTERMILK CAKE.—Two cups of buttermilk or sour milk, one cup of sugar, one piece of butter the size of a walnut, a teaspoonful of saleratus, spice to your taste, with as much flour as will make a thin batter, and bake.

A modern philosopher, taking the motion of the earth on its axis at seventeen miles a second, says that if you take off your hat in the street to bow to a friend, you go seventeen miles bareheaded without taking cold.

THE RIDDLER.

Miscellaneous Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
I am composed of 36 letters.

My 13, 5, 15, 4, 18, 10, 7, 14, 26, 7, 22, 26, 23, 28, is a well known author.
My 1, 2, 33, 16, 31, 13, 29, is a boy's name.
My 9, 3, 21, 29, 23, is a celebrated opera.
My 8, 11, 36, 19, 13, is a girl's name.
My 24, 36, 6, is a tropical fruit.
My 25, 13, 17, 35, 34, is one of the largest cities in the world.
My 29, 3, 23, 30, 18, 22, 26, 27, 6, 28, 13, 25, 20, 18, 25, should be read by all.
My whole is the residence of a regular reader of the Post.
G. R. T.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 51 letters.
My 5, 3, 17, 8, 23, is a county in Ohio.
My 17, 12, 11, 14, 33, is a county in Ohio.
My 18, 22, 15, 6, 16, 41, is a county in Ohio.
My 7, 35, 51, 46, is a county in Ohio.
My 48, 43, 38, 44, 29, is a county in Ohio.
My 21, 4, 27, 35, 41, is a county in Ohio.
My 22, 19, 10, 28, 41, 51, is a county in Ohio.
My 26, 48, 40, 5, 31, 30, 41, 17, is a county in Ohio.
My 36, 8, 1, 27, 36, 42, 32, 5, 51, is a county in Ohio.
My 26, 7, 39, 24, 5, 50, is a county in Ohio.
My 3, 9, 20, 8, 2, 48, is a county in Ohio.
My 13, 40, 34, 5, 25, 15, is a county in Ohio.
My 31, 35, 37, is a county in Ohio.
My 17, 15, 8, 49, 16, 35, 47, is a county in Iowa.
My 45, 4, 24, 35, 30, 51, is a county in Indiana.
My whole is an expression of Henry Clay's.
Nicholasville, Ky.
M. B. F.

Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first bows low amid the towering hills,
And snuggles nestles there;
The lakes, the rivers and the gentle hills
It claims, and cities fair.
My next a nickname is, born of a name
Christened to many a king.
My third, when young Columbia won her fame,
Did a mean and servile thing.
My fourth and last comprises all the rest;
It grasps my whole, in fact;
Which is the closing scene, the final test,
Of all the guesser's fate.
Steele, Ind. JNO. C. OCHILTREE.

Double Rebuz.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

To seize.
An island in the Mediterranean Sea.
An appendage.
Lofty.
An affirmation.
A piece of timber.
A boy's nickname.
An island in Polynesia.
A sudden check.
A light spear.
The initials and finals form the names of two celebrated battle fields of the rebellion.
W. H. MORROW.
Irwin Station, Pa.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A, B and C start on a journey of 40 miles. A can travel one mile an hour, B two miles, but C, who travels in a buggy, can go eight miles an hour. As they all desire to reach their journey's end in the shortest possible time, C takes up A and carries him so far that in going back and taking up B, they all reach their journey's end together.
Required the distance each will travel alone and the whole time consumed in performing the journey.
W. H. MORROW.

Conundrums.

What is the difference between a baby and a great cat? Ans.—One you were, and the other you wear.
What kind of a ship has two mates and no captain? Ans.—A courtship.
When is an infant like a cannibal? Ans.—When it eats its "pap."
When is the miner the happiest? Ans.—When his "Triumphs are ore."
Why is perspiration like the Atlantic Ocean? Ans.—Because it's wet (sweet).
Why would people older than yourself make good feeding for cattle? Ans.—Because they are past your age.

A good story is told of a certain Colonel in the late war. The Colonel aforesaid was riding in a stage-coach, with several other passengers, when he accidentally dropped his hat outside the coach. Putting his head out of the coach window he exclaimed, in a stentorian voice: "Charivari, pause! I have lost my chapsan!" The driver paid no heed to the demand. Again the bombastic fellow authoritatively spoke: "Charivari, pause, I have lost my chapsan!" No attention being paid by the driver to this command, a plain, blunt man, who had become disgusted with his fellow-traveller's silliness and pomposity, put his head out of the window and said: "Driver, hold on. This blasted fool has lost his hat!" This was perfectly intelligible to the driver, and the hat was secured.

Some time since a gentleman died in the town of X—, who during life refused to believe in another world. Two or three weeks after his demise, his wife received through a medium a communication, which read as follows: "Dear wife, I now do believe. Please send me my thin clothes."

"There's only two ways of getting along with restaurant servants," says Bluster, "either scold 'em well or feed 'em well. One takes nerve, the other takes money. I've got more nerve than money, so I scold 'em."

When somebody asked the Bishop of Oxford whether he didn't think the last Derry "cell," (the horse Hermit won it) his lordship answered that "he never heard of a hermit where there wasn't a cell."